

WILL WHIMSICAL'S

A

MISCELLANY.

Lucundum nihil est nisi quod reficit Varietas.

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T O

ADMIRAL LORD NELSON.—

CContemporary writers have loudly, and justly celebrated your admirable manœuvre in attacking the *French Fleet* at *ABOUKIR*;—your intrepidity during the Fight;—and your after piety, in attributing the Success to ‘The Great God of Battles;’ be it my humbler task to recall to the memory of grateful Britons your less splendid, but no less essential, preparatory services,—in vigilantly looking for, and anxiously inquiring after the Enemy in different ports and seas. And I will venture to say, that the only fear that ever entered your gallant breast, was, the fear of *not* meeting with the Enemy, and *not* having thereby an opportunity of risking your remaining limbs, and life, in the service of your King and Country.

A 2

To

To You, therefore, and (permit me to add)
 your worthy coadjutors in war, ADMIRALS
 PARKER, DUNCAN, ST. VINCENT, and HOWE,
 —To hundreds of CAPTAINS, and thousands
 of SUBALTERNS,—To a hundred thousand
 SEAMEN and MARINES,—And to every other
 valiant Soul on board the *Floating Batteries* of
 BRITAIN

IS DEDICATED

This little Volume, in tribute of *APPLAUSE*
RESPECT, and *GRATITUDE*.

PREFACE.

PREFACE.

BY taking the title of WILL WHIMSICAL, as a *nom de guerre*,—for literature in general is a state of warfare; positively so against all of ill principles, and negatively so against a host of scribbling competitors:—By taking so WHIMSICAL a title I meant only to sketch the outlines of the *Work*; not represent the Author as one fickle in character, or variable in sentiment: for however versatile may be my talents, such as they are; and though I have ever written *currente calamo*; under variety of fortunes, and consequently in great diversity of humors; I flatter myself that the Reader will perceive in me no contrarieties: certainly not in the two grand actuating principles of public writers, to wit, 'Religion' and 'Politics:' and which, by the bye, are the only two principles for which a Writer is accountable to the Public. I have lived above half a century without ever wavering in the Faith of my forefathers: and with unabated zeal for my King and Country: *Whimsicality* therefore is not characteristic of the Author; but of his mode of *miscellaneous* publication; his subjects shifting

"from grave to gay, from lively to severe."

Shifting also quarters not unfrequently myself, my scribblings have been tumbled so confusedly into such a multiplicity of drawers and boxes, that I might as well endeavour to arrange the Sibyl's leaves, as to publish my own at present in a more methodic way. Nor would my state of health, which requires indulgence, and not drudgery, submit to it, even if my humor would.

For which reasons I purpose to take up at hap-hazard what Scribble I have by me, and intermixing it occasionally with new, to publish Volume after Volume, until I have exhausted my literary stores, or the Reader's patience. For, whenever competent Critics exclaim *Ohe! jam satis est!* I shall readily take the hint; and, without the customary

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tomary, querulous appeal to "more liberal and candid Readers," respectfully retire: only first making a general revision of my works, so as to render them not wholly unworthy of posterity's perusal: for certainly I wish my writings may be read hereafter: not for any good that posthumous fame can do me; but for the inculcation of principles, which, grounded in the best interests of society, must at all times be necessary to the safety of *Britain*, and the well-being of *Individuals*.

Chichester, *June 1799.*

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WILL WHIMSICAL'S MISCELLANY.

PART THE FIRST.

LINES WRITTEN UPON BEING FIRST URGED
TO PUT SOME WORK TO PRESS.

Ipse semipaganus

Ad sacra vatium carmen affero nostrum.

PERSIUS.

YES, yes ; I'll scribble on, and publish, too,
Since, critic friend, it seemeth good to you:
Though not without some apprehensions I
Shall find it hard to gain celebrity.
Too far removed from Town myself to puff
In Newspapers, if I were mean enough,
As BAVIUS is ; who scruples not to pay
For 'Special Paragraphs' day after day:
And MÆVIUS too ; he bolsters up a name ;
And gains by 'Puffs' a temporary fame :

B

No ;

No ; let my muse the Public's favor miss
Rather than thrive by artifice like this.

An uphill fight, against great odds, is mine ;
My book 's a public-house without a sign ;
Where, to assist me though some friends should make
Subscription, yet I certainly should break
Unless it also with the Public take. }

Then would my Bookseller be barely civil ;
And torments wait me from the Printer's Devil :
The one grown sulky if his sale 's not rapid,
T'other of course will think me dull and vapid.
With the whole College* then in dire disgrace,
How should a Bard dare show his rueful face?

O, for a Name ! like ADDISON's, or HAYLEY's,
JOHNSON's, or COOPER's, MAURICE's, or PALEY's !
Then in good humour, as in came the pelf,
Would, be my Bookseller, and eke myself.
What, if by weight of metal I supply
The want of wit, or notoriety ?—
And make some far-famed Artist decorate
My scanty letter-Prefs with many a Plate ?—
And first, to front a pompous title-page,
According to the Custom of the age,
Behold my Portrait : which a likeness good
Might be esteem'd, by BEWICKE cut, on—wood ?
With type, 'on purpose cast' by FRY, or CASLON ?
And WHATMAN's whitest paper, fit to dazzl' one ?

* A cant term amongst Printers.

No ;

No : courteous Reader, without aids like these,
Such is my vanity, I hope to please ;
Nor only please, but also to amend
Your faults : nay, start not, for you have 'em, friend :
And though by name I sneer at PAUL, or PETER,
Full oft *de Te* the *fabula narretur* :
Nay, to be candid, I have sometimes hit
Myself a blow in brandishing my wit.

Though 'tis the province of a son of *Whim*
To make men laugh at others, or at him,
We should not always titter ; that would be
No better than the grin of idiocy.
Think me not *over-whimsical* when I
Assert I would that folk should sometimes cry ;—
At woes fictitious, of domestic cast ;
For such sink deepest, and the longest last :
They help to humanise the heart, and make
Us kind to others, though for selfish sake :
To God alone the motive 's understood ;
'Tis well if we from any cause do good.

But not to push our passions to extreme,
Nor tears, nor laughter always, good I deem.
Whether or no 'tis wisdom not to lean
To either much, but keep the golden mean,
In private life ; remember that we are
The Public's too, and that demands our care :
Whate'er our joys or griefs may be we ought
On our dear Country to bestow some thought.

* HORACE.

When beggar'd CATILINE would take in hand
 The reins of Government, and scourge the Land ;—
 When Fox's Pupil, at NEWMARKET bred,
 With state finances puzzles his poor head ;
 When DUKE-AND-NO-DUKE lays aside '*His Grace*',
 To court the vilest of the Populace ;
 And, from a petty disappointment, wou'd
 Deluge the streets of WESTMINSTER with blood ;—
 When PETER's ridicule, and SHERRY's wit
 Poison'd with deadly hate, is aim'd at PITT ;—
 When Faction sets her hireling Pens at work
 To slander WYNDHAM, WILBERFORCE, or BURKE ;—
 When English '*Citizens*' are found inroll'd
 Against their country, bribed by Gallic gold ;—
 When THELWALLS spout forth Lectures in the cause
 Of Anarchy ; and TOOKES insult the Laws ;
 The friends to government, true Patriots then,
 Should counterwork the plots of such vile men.

Therefore though Politics to some may seem
 Dry reading, it at times must be my theme.
 'Tis not allow'd, on mere amusements bent,
 To while our lives away : not innocent
 Are any pleasures, which detain us long
 From public duty ; 'tis the Nation's wrong.

They 're few, I trust, comparatively few,
 Who schemes of mad Democracy pursue ;
 Yet too much mischief may be done if we
 Are lull'd into a false security.
 When treason stalks abroad let every one
 Of loyal spirit rally round the Throne :

May

May that arm wither which would not defend
A King* so just as ours, so much his People's friend !

Though as a Public Writer I'm aware
How dangerous 'tis one's Party to declare ;
Since there are witlings who in ambush lurk,
By *Faction* paid, to stab each Loyal work ;
Yet will I boldly on ; a Volunteer
In such a cause, 'twere infamous to fear.

* To Posterity be it known, I speak of **GEORGE THE THIRD**, whose
personal virtues give lustre to the Throne.

RAKEWELL

RAKEWELL AND WOODLY.**DIALOGUE THE FIRST.****SCENE; RAKEWELL'S Chambers, in the TEMPLE.***(WOODLY Entering.)*

Rake. Ha!—WOODLY in Town?—I should as soon have expected a visit from the Grand-Signior. But I am heartily glad to see you; for I know you are an honest fellow, though a sober one.

Wood. I thank you, RAKEWELL, for the compliment: which I return you in paraphrase: that is, I believe you are an honest fellow, though *not* a sober one.

Rake. Indeed but I am: and a very sober one in comparison of what you remember me in YORKSHIRE.

Wood. I am truly glad of it; and congratulate you on your reform. But, prithee, tell me, FRANK, how it happened, that you who were such a hard drinker in the Country, should take up so suddenly in Town? Are the Londoners in general so much soberer than we are?

Rake. You put that question jeeringly, GEORGE: but I can answer it, to your confusion. You Country Gents drink villainous, heady Port, strong Punch, or fat Ale, till you tumble senseless under the table. Whereas we Town Sparks take just enough *light* Port, or still lighter Claret,

Claret, to put us into tip-top spirits, and fit us for the frolics of gallantry.

Wood. That is to say, you make beasts of yourselves one way; and we another: you with Women; and we with wine.

Rake. Not exactly so, GEORGE. For, in intercourse with women we do not make beasts of ourselves; but of others.—horned Beasts: hey!

Wood. Ay, ay; LONDON is a sad Place for wenching.

Rake. If you mean to say, it is a sad thing to go a-wenching; that I deny: for what is pleasanter?

Wood. You misunderstand me: I would say, LONDON is a sad place for Wenches.

Rake. How can that be? where are they merrier? Have they not choice of men here? and choice of amusements?

Wood. I know not, FRANK, what further progress you have made in the Law: but I can assure your friends, on my return, that you have lost none of your accustomed loquacity; and that you have added thereto a knack at disputation.

Rake. For which I am so far from claiming merit, that I beg your pardon for having so wantonly exercised a professional habit. There is no living in the Inns of Court without acquiring a fondness for dispute. It is the peculiar privilege of Law Students to be eternally wrangling.

ling. Not only in our clubs, and Halls; but even at Assemblies, and at our Meals. And he is reckoned the most promising young Lawyer, who dares undauntedly deny whatever is asserted; more especially if it be a truism: for you know, GEORGE, it is the very essence of legal practice to contend for victory; and not for justice.

Wood. And yet you follow the profession?

Rake. In mere conformity with the foolish part of my Uncle's Will; but as soon as the sensible part of it, the Devise of his property, is made good to me, I shall leave off the declamatory jargon, and querulous society of TEMPLE Students.

Wood. If such be the habits of the Profession, it is well for me my father did not think me clever enough to be inrolled a Member of it. I would much rather be accounted dull, and enjoy good-fellowship.

Rake. Come, come; no disqualifying Speeches: you must not affect to disparage your Parts in my hearing. Do not I know that you are an able disputant? and as to the keenness of your remarks, with how much pleasure have I listened to you, when you were cutting and slashing a certain Buck Parson of the WEST-RIDING.

Wood. I do confess my detestation of Bucks of every order, but more especially of the order of Parsons: and if I ever freely use the cudgel of satire, it is against such miscreants.

Rake.

Rake. You never can make better use of it.

Wood. Not that I affect to be over-pious: but I have some sense of religion; and cannot overlook the want of decorum in a Priest. As on the one hand I greatly respect the true '*Ministers of the Gospel*;' on the other I thoroughly despise those vile '*Apostates*' who turn their back, as it were, upon the Altar: those worse-than-atheistical Sparks, who scruple not to '*administer to vice*'; who, as if they were afraid that their black coats should cast a gloom upon the company, are the most forward in licentiousness; and who, in drinking, and toasting, in sentiment and song, outdo their most profligate companions.

Rake. True:—lamentably true, GEORGE.

Wood. Nor are there wanting even Those who go so far as to season their ribaldry—(*borresco referens*)—with blasphemy. And yet to such '*Reverend*' Pastors is too often left the *cure* of souls, and the care of a whole parish; the whilst DOCTOR PLURALITY is fattening at his other Benefice, or dissipating his time in LONDON, at a Lord's Levee, or at a Lady's Rout.

Rake. An admirable lecture, I declare, and given with '*proper emphasis, and good discretion.*' And I wish that some of our YORKSHIRE Tykes were in the way to hear it. But as they are not, suppose we change the subject? How do all friends in our RIDING? particularly your Sister SOPHY? as pretty, and sprightly as ever?

C

Wood.

Wood. As to prettiness—Brothers, you know, are hardly competent to judge: but, for her sprightliness, that is rather on the wane. She is going to be married; and marriage, it is said, brings along with it gravity, and cares.

Rake. So I have heard; and therefore will avoid it: for blest as I now am with a good flow of spirits, and perfect liberty, what a fool should I be to barter them away for gloom and bondage!

Wood. Spoken in the true spirit of rakism! and just what I expected from a dissipated Templar.

Rake. Not absolutely dissipated, GEORGE; yet not enough collected to think of matrimony. However I heartily wish your Sister happy in the state, marry with whom she will. I was plaguily in love with her myself formerly.

Wood. That I have no doubt of, FRANK: for you never saw a pretty girl in your life without falling in love with her; and that so violently, that, according to the Proverb, it could not last long.

Rake. Why, the truth is, I have but a tender, tindery heart: the least spark from a pair of bright eyes is sure to set it on fire. But my passion for SOPHIA was very sincere, and of very long duration. I was a whole month in Town before I could get her out of my head.

Wood. Indeed! A whole month! why that was longer by

by three weeks than you ever loved any other absent Woman. Sailor like, you have a fresh wife at every port.

Rake. No: not a *Wife*, GEORGE.

Wood. Yes: a left handed one:—a Mistress.

Rake. From physical necessity: from temperament; not choice.

Wood. That argument will not hold, FRANK: for even supposing your temperament could warrant the having one Mistress, it could not need *variety*: which is a symptom rather of a vitiated and jaded appetite, than of a strong digestion.

Rake. I know not how it is; but as sure as ever I see a pretty girl, I fall in love with her: (as you just now told me:) and then comes across me another girl still prettier: and her I fall in love with also: and then a third, and *beigh-presto!* my heart is gone again.

Wood. And, pray, FRANK, how many times in a Week upon a moderate computation, may that poor heart of thine be conjured away?

Rake. I faith! WOODLY, the first Week I was in Town the times were past compute. As I walked along the Streets my poor heart was bandied about from this side of the way to that side; and back again; like a tennis-ball kept long in play. But how shall I describe to you my rapturous sensations on first entering KENSINGTON GARDENS: crowded as every walk was

with Beauties! What a *coup d'œil*! I was like one entranced: my soul seemed as if withdrawn from the common objects of life; and in imagination wandered in the ELYSIAN FIELDS, amidst the Helens and Cleopatras of ten thousand ages!

Wood. So much for rhapsody. My imagination is not quite so warm as yours; yet I expect much pleasure in seeing those celebrated Gardens. Do you prefer them, FRANK, to all the other Public-Places?—to PLAY-HOUSES, VAUXHALL, and RANELAGH?

Rake. No, not to RANELAGH: for there I was again in raptures.

Wood. But not entranced? No more ELYSIUM?

Rake. But something very like it. I thought myself in MAHOMET'S Paradise of Beauties: in a universal Harum; where Musselmén, refined from jealousy, kept open Seraglio.

Wood. Then that was your Heaven, FRANK.

Rake. And yours too, GEORGE: would you but confess it.

Wood. I readily confess, I love the sex: I doat on Woman.

Rake. Else had nature given you a good constitution to very little purpose. How many hours, prithee, have you been in Town?

Wood.

Wood. Hours! why that question? May be about six, or seven.

Rake. Then, I will answer for it, you have not seen fewer than six or seven hundred Women that you thought handsome. Even your fastidious eye must have been highly gratified.

Wood. I have seen a great many charming creatures: that's the truth of it.

Rake. And if you had not owned as much, I would not have owned you. A young fellow that could sustain the blaze of Beauties in this Metropolis without feeling a glow of passion must be a cold blooded animal indeed. He must have a heart—if heart he have—of strangely incombustible, ‘impenetrable stuff.’ Such is not yours, **WOOLLY.**

Wood. Nor is it tinder, **FRANK:**—nor yet asbestos:—it may be set on fire: but when it be,——

Rake. Well; what then?

Wood. Why, then it shall burn—as yours never will—with an equable, constant flame.

Rake. And yet, **GEORGE**, fickle and licentious as you suppose me, there is one dear Girl,—or Goddess rather, at whose shrine I think I could be content to offer up my celibacy.

Wood.

Wood. Wonders, then, will never cease: if RAKEWELL can be brought to *think* of matrimony!

Rake. I would rather marry *without* thinking of it.

Wood. There spoke the Libertine again. That very expression convinces me that you will never renounce rakism. No, no: you are not qualified for hymeneal happiness: you are incorrigibly depraved.

Rake. I trust you are mistaken, my most uncharitably rigid Confessor. I am already a reformed man: entirely so. I have not only left off drinking, and bad hours; but have renounced also illicit commerce with the sex.

Wood. Indeed! And what bright Saint in the Calendar has wrought this reformation?

Rake. A living One; but One right worthy to be worshipped.—

Wood. In the temple of CNIDOS.

Rake. No; faith! In that of EPHEBUS. For though she is as handsome as VENUS, DIAN is not more chaste.

Wood. And being such you love her! Well, FRANK, I look upon this as a symptom of sanity: and heartily give you joy of it: for, as nothing humanises Men so much as intercourse with Women, I am particularly happy to hear of my friends being attached to modest ones.

Rake.

Rake. And I am particularly happy in any thing to meet with WOODLY's approbation.

Wood. Have I any chance of seeing this all-perfect Creature before I leave LONDON?

Rake. This very day, if you please; for she is no other than my Guardian's Daughter. Will you dine with us *en famille*? I shall be proud of the honor of introducing you.

Wood. Not to-day; I thank you, FRANK. I have a hundred little commissions to execute for friends in our neighbourhood; and then I shall be at leisure, and at your service.

Rake. Well, well; whenever it is convenient to you: but the sooner the better: and the sooner in the day the better: for if you mean to have a hot dinner, you must be here punctually by Three. Old square-toes is as regular as the clock itself: he would not wait above five minutes for a Puisne Judge; and not more than ten for The Lord High Chancellor.

Wood. I will take care to be in time. But no ceremony, I pray you, FRANK: I can find my way down; and safely I hope: though I cannot say much for the Staircase, Your Temple Architects seem neither to have studied beauty nor convenience.

Rake. That's true faith; they have not shown much regard for the *Limbs* of the Law. And if they break yours, they'll spoil a Sucking Justice; so *a-dieu*.

JUPITER'S

JUPITER'S LOTTERY.

From LAMOTTE.

MORTALS made such complaints to Jove
 Of wants, and miseries, He strove
 To quiet—if not satisfy—
 All by one general *Lottery*.
 And that He might deserve the thanks
 Of All, there were to be *No Blanks*.

CELESTIALS were allow'd to try
 Their luck too in this Lottery :
 But that no preference might appear
 Intended them, as being dear,—
 Dearer than MORTALS,—Jove decreed
 That IGNORANCE, who could not read,
 Should roll the *Billets* up, and seal,
 And put them into FORTUNE's Wheel :
 FORTUNE herself should turn about
 The Wheel ; and CHANCE should draw them out.

Though nothing could be fairer than
 This scheme ; and All admired the plan,
 Till it was executed, Few
 Afterward liked the lots they drew.
 They set no value upon Health,
 Long-Life, and Honors, Pleasure, Wealth,
 Because the greatest prize of all—
 WISDOM—did not to MORTALS fall ;

But

But to MINERVA : which made Men
 Not only murmur, but complain
 That they were hardly dealt by : they
 Had even the insolence to say,
 ' Jove of his *Daughter* took good care ;
 ' But never meant to play *them* fair.'

JUPITER thought it was not worth
 While to chastise these Sons of Earth ;
 Though with a single frown he cou'd
 Annihilate them, if he wou'd :
 He laugh'd at Men's absurdities :
 And as he could not make us *wise* ;—
 Since that grand lot had fallen, to
 MINERVA ; He was fain to do
 Yet something for us : so that we
 Thenceforward satisfied should be.
 In which some difficulty lay .
 For, *WISDOM* being given away,
 Where could he find a *succedanium* ?

After long hammering his *cranium*,
 ' MORTALS ! I've thought of one (He said.)
 ' Though *Wisdom* is disposed of, Jove
 ' Sends you this token of his love,—
 ' FOLLY is yours—in *Wisdom's* stead.'

Happy expedient ! since that day
Wisdom to FOLLY still gives way :

D

And

And MORTALS are so charmed with it,
They scarcely know the difference :
Incessant Prattle stands for wit :
And *silent Ignorance* for Sense.

COROLLARY.

By the TRANSLATOR.

Reader. " There's no such thing as pleasing you.
" *Silence*—and *Prattle*—both offend.
" Prithee, what would you have me do ? "
Translator. Do!—Take the middle course, my Friend.

RAKEWELL

RAKEWELL AND WOODLY.

DIALOGUE THE SECOND.

SCENE; *The Temple Gardens.**Enter RAKEWELL'S SERVANT, showing in WOODLY.*

Servant. These, Sir, are the TEMPLE Gardens: they are not so large but we shall soon find my Master. O, here he is.

Enter RAKEWELL; and Exit SERVANT.

Wood. Well, FRANK here I am again. The moment I had finished my business, I sought you out; to have the pleasure of dining with you. You know I am a man of my word.

Rake. I know you always were so; and I dare to say you ever will be. But, prithee, good Country Cousin, what new fears are you possessed with, that you could not venture as far as these Gardens, without taking my Servant by way of convoy?

Wood. That word *Convoy* is apt enough: for ifaith LONDON is as dangerous as the high seas in time of war: it swarms with Privateers and Pirates in quest of plunder.

Rake. You mean, I suppose, our "Charming Kates,"

D 2

and

and our "Lovely Nancies;" which are always on the look out for Country Brigs: but take care how you grapple with them; for, beside the most of them being Fire-Ships, they frequently have a Bully in consort; or, to speak in squire-like phrase, they hunt in couples.

Wood. And may the lash of justice light on them, say I, for a set of vile, vagabond poachers.

Rake. Heyday! WOOLLY in a passion! Why, surely, they have not already been trespassing on your manor?

Wood. Indeed but they have: and have carried away a pocket-handkerchief as good as new; and my best, silver tobacco-box.

Rake. As to the latter article, never heed it, GEORGE: it is better lost, than found; as it may break you of the filthy custom of Smoking; and the yet more filthy habit of *chawing* tobacco.

Wood. Never; never, FRANK: you delicate Town Gentlemen may abuse our country customs as much as you please: but I will maintain it, that a quid of genuine Virginia on an empty stomach, and a pipe after meals, are the wholesomest things in nature.—

Rake. And pleasantest, perhaps?

Wood. No doubt of it.

Rake. For instance, now; on a club, or market day;
when

when the major part of the company have reeled home, and left Yourself, the Curate, and the Attorney, in possession of the Club-Room ;—when the long-neglected snuff of a solitary candle affords just glimmering light enough to render visible the sooty exhalations from your half-extinguished pipes ;—when—

Wood. On with it: I pardon you your raillery, for the description sake.

Rake. When having nearly wearied nature ; and long exhausted your accustomed themes of politics and religion ; not one of you opening his mouth, unless to let out smoke, or let in liquor ;—when no noise breaks in upon your dimly dull employ, unless it be occasionally the clink of the Tankard lid, or the grating of the Punch-ladle ;—Should a Stranger, mistaking the door, pop his head into your room, how much more fragrant than Arabian gales would be the odor to his nostrils !

Wood. Humph !

Rake. What a grateful, mild, wholesome air would rush into his lungs !

Wood. Humph !

Rake. If suffocation were not the immediate consequence ; and he risked his eyes with a second survey of your figures, I wonder what he would take you for ?

Wood.

Wood. Three jolly fellows, to be sure; spending the night in a devilishly agreeable manner.

Rake. *Devilishly* agreeable, indeed: for he might very well mistake you for a Trio of Infernals smoking for a wager.

Wood. You men of fancy are apt to give too high a colouring to all your pictures; and too frequently sketch in caricature. Yet would I rather as a mere Rustic be so unfairly distorted, than be drawn to the life as a London Profligate. Ay, ay; you may toss your head about; and sneer at what I say: or, you may attempt in gentleman-like jargon to palliate vice, by calling it the true '*Scavoir Vivre*;' but you must answer for all your sensualities however they may be refined.

Rake. Granted; if we indulge in them. But, prithee, GEORGE, must not you, who have been only three days in LONDON, have taken some pains,—or shall I say, some *pleasure*—to get at the knowledge of our "refined sensualities?"—was it *practical* knowledge? hey, GEORGE?—Have you been already in such an *elevated* state as to descry the *nakedness* of the land?

Wood. Not as you would insinuate, FRANK. I am not such an oaf as to be *drawn aside* by your half-naked Night Trampers; who, to the disgrace of the Police, so crowd the Streets, that it requires a Countryman's best wit, and some resolution to get safely to his Lodgings.

Enter

Enter RAKEWELL'S SERVANT, who delivers a Note, and Exit.

Rake. (Reading) ——— without fail." O! very well.

Wood. Some assignation, I suppose?

Rake. No very agreeable one, I assure you; although it be of my own appointment: and this *notes* the wished acceptance. Excuse me, *WOODLY*, for a few minutes, whilst I go and make some indispensable arrangements.

Wood. No ceremony with me, *FRANK*. If I am any incumbrance to you to-day, turn me over to some other.

Rake. By no means, *GEORGE*. I must make sure of you to day, for Heaven only knows in what company I shall dine to-morrow.—At any rate I shall have a very indifferent Breakfast.

Wood. That was said in a more serious tone than usual. And I thought you seemed to suppress a sigh. Do explain this matter to me.

No answer? It must be a very serious embarrassment, indeed, if you would keep me ignorant of it. Come, come, *RAKEWELL*: as an old friend, and *quondam* Schoolfellow, I do insist upon your acquainting me with 'the whole truth, and nothing but the truth:' and so will I endeavour to serve you.

Rake.

Rake. I am thoroughly sensible, WOOLLY, of your readiness to serve me. I am proud to acknowledge you as my friend; and as such acknowledge your right to wrest a secret from me; but I wish you would in this one instance wave your right: I am ashamed to tell it you.

Wood. In that case I must endeavour to divine it: and as I know young Templars are extravagant; and you are not yet of age; I guess you are in want of money: your Creditors, perhaps, grow clamorous. Well! FRANK; if a hundred or two will stop their mouths, I can furnish you so far to-morrow; and next Week with as much more.

Rake. Dear WOOLLY, how much am I obliged to you!

Wood. Not till you touch the money, FRANK.

Rake. Then that will never be. For it is not money I stand in need of: my embarrassments are not of a pecuniary nature.

Wood. Tell me, then; of what nature are they?

Rake. You take so much interest in my concerns, WOOLLY, I were unworthy of your friendship, should I keep you longer in suspense. This whole morning have I been playing an artificial Character: and have been rallying you, merely to keep up my own spirits. But, as the time draws nearer, that I am likely to be separated from you, and all my friends, ~~and yet worse from~~
the

the *Woman I adore*, my spirits flag so, I scarcely can support myself. I have a Duel upon my hands.

Wood. The devil you have ! I wish your hands well washed of it. But, are you really serious ?

Rake. Is it a subject for jocularities ?

Wood. I think not, faith ! It is a business of such serious import, I protest against it. It positively must be prevented : and if your pretended honor will not let you recede, my real humanity must interfere. Who is the Hero you are to engage ? let me go and talk to him.

Rake. That I cannot allow of.

Wood. You may tell me at least the name of the party ; and the subject of your quarrel.

Rake. The subject is worth fighting for,—it is a Woman : and the Party—a Rival. So that you see how impossible it is to settle the affair any other way than by the mouth of a pistol.

Wood. You may call that ‘ settling ’ the affair ; but I say, it is making it ten times worse. It is pushing matters to such an extremity, as you must not, and shall not think of, RAKEWELL.

Rake. Indeed, WOODLY, but I must, and will. My Love, my Pride, my Honor, my every thing incites me to it.—

E

Wood.

Wood. Except Religion: and surely that should counter-balance every other incitement. Else, fie upon you.

Rake. It does not signify talking, WOOLLY; for fight I must, and will.

Wood. Shame on you to say so! and worse shame if you do so.

Rake. Sir, I will not be lectured. I am old enough to be master of my actions, unaccountable even to officious friendship: and I do insist upon it, Sir, that, on this subject, you hold your peace.

Wood. Peremptory 'Sir'! you shall not anger me. My friendship is not to be shaken by a hasty word. I see, and lament that you are bent upon destruction.

Rake. I hope not.

Wood. I would fain do you a service after the fashion of my own sentiments, but since you will not heed them, I would for your security, if possible, conform to yours. I have only therefore to advise you, since fight you will, to take all proper precautions for your safety. Have you good Pistols?

Rake. As good as ever lodged a shot.

Wood. And in good order?

Rake. My Servant has been with them purposely to the Gunsmith's.

Wood.

Wood. Have you a good Second? Is he expert at loading? and acquainted with the *etiquette* of business: so as to see justice done you? Though Fighting is not my trade; and Duelling I hold to be a custom "more honoured in the breach, than the observance," yet would I do a violence to my feeling, and step forward with a Friend, rather than he should want a zealous Second.

Rake. Oh! *WOODLY*; this is too much. Curse on the impetuosity of my temper! How could I speak harshly to such a worthy creature? Let me thank you again and again for this fresh instance of your friendship; but of which I do not stand in need: for, beside knowing how abhorrent your nature is to deeds of blood, I have previously begged of *BILLY BUSTLE* to go to the Ground with me. It will be a matter of amusement, rather than distress to him; and will serve him as a subject to talk on for a month or two afterward.

Wood. You will acquaint me, however, with the name of your Antagonist. Where are you to meet him? and at what hour? Let me have full particulars.

Rake. (*Aside.*) And if he have, it is not unlikely that his officiousness will interrupt us.

(*Aloud.*) What was it you asked me, *WOODLY*?

Wood. With whom you are to fight? and when? and where?

Rake. With *JACK CARELESS*: at six o'Clock: behind *MONTAGUE HOUSE*.

Wood. (Aside.) Then I'll be there at five with a Posse of Peace-Officers. But I'll go now directly to Bow-STREET, and give notice against morning.

(Aloud.) I will just step as far as the Post-Office, RAKEWELL, and be back again instantly.

Rake. At any rate be not later than Three. Remember Old Clock-work ; he keeps true time.

Wood. And I'll keep pace with him as true as I can. So farewell.

Exeunt.

THE

THE RECONCILIATION.

From HORACE.

—◆—
HORACE.

WHEN I alone was with your favor blest ;
 None other let to fold you in his arms ;
 I would not for the wealth of all the East
 Have yielded up possession of your charms.

LYDIA.

When you loved no one else so well as Me ;
 When you thought CHLOE had not LYDIA's worth ;
 I would not have exchanged my low degree
 To have been made the Empress of the Earth.

HORACE.

CHLOE with such perfections is endued ;
 Can sing ; and dance with such a sprightly air ;
 I doat on her : and die for her I wou'd ;
 If but the fates her precious life would spare.

LYDIA.

Me CALAIS loves ; and I love him so well,
 What would I not ? I can aver with truth,
 I'd die a thousand times, were't possible,
 To save the life of such a lovely youth.

HORACE.

HORACE.

Suppose *our* former passion should return ;
 Might not love bind us with a stronger chain ?
 If I no longer should for CHLOE burn,
 Would LYDIA take me to her heart again ?

LYDIA.

Though CALAIS fair is as the Morning Star ;
 You light as cork ; inconstant as the Sky ;
 And boisterous as the Sea ; so dear you are,
 With you I fain would live, and wish to die.

ON A PLAUSIBLE SCOUNDREL.

B—RD's honor you do well to doubt,
 Spite of his cringes, and his grin :
 As fair as Heaven he seems without ;
 But is as black as Hell within.

H—r—f—d.

ON LORD NORTH ; AS A MINISTER.

SATIRE itself can not his faults enhance,
 Who wrong by system is, and never right by chance.

A DRINKING SONG.

AT a feast of the Pagan Divinities once,
 As oft amongst Mortals, a quarrel arose :
 The Pedant APOLLO call'd BACCHUS a Dunce ;
 Which BACCHUS return'd with a knock on the nose.

The squabble began about nectar APOLLO
 By chance, or sobriety, left in his glass ;
 Which BACCHUS declared he'd oblige him to swallow ;
 And would not allow him the bottle to pass.

This nettled him just at the instant ; for PHOEBUS
 Of DAPHNE, PENEUS's Daughter, was thinking ;
 Or penning, perhaps, an acrostic, or rebus ;
 For rhyming he lov'd more than eating or drinking.

' Get drunk, yourself, BACCHUS ; you like it, I know.
 ' I'm thinking of DAPHNE.' " Psha ! DAPHNE's
 a Punk."

' As chaste as DIANA. Was SEMELE* so ? "
 ' As much as *your* Mother." ' You Blockhead, you're
 drunk.'

Then MARS, who loves mischief, cried, ' Rubicund Lad,
 ' If this you take tamely, you ought to be hift
 ' Out of company.' BACCHUS was heartily glad
 Of a good Bully-Back ; so he tipt him his fist.

' What

* BACCHUS's Mother: one of JUPITER's Punks.

‘What Madnefs is this, Sirs ! fays *President Jove*.

‘No fifty-cuffs here : I allow no fuch matter :

‘I’ll *fine* you ;—but not in the liquor you love :

‘Give each of them, *NEPTUNE*, a glafs of *falt water*.’

Says wine-bibbing *BACCHUS*, ‘How cruel the cafe is!

‘Confider, dear Daddy, my ftomach is weak.

‘Well, well ; if I muft : but excufe my wry faces.—

‘Poh ! —— Give me the neftar : I’m horribly fick.

APOLLO, who fometimes, when got among Brothers,

As we are at prefent, for jollity met,

Would laugh or would fing ; be as merry as others ;—

But ‘merry and wife ;’ for not drunk would he get :

Thus faid. ‘Ere I take off the bumper I hold

‘I’ll thank *Mr. PRESIDENT* much for the *Fine*.

‘When People difpofed are to fquabble, or fcol, d,

‘Sure *Water* is cooler, and fitter than Wine :

‘And I, as the head of the medical tribe,

‘Pronounce it the only fpecific to be be :

‘For Scolds I cold bathing in rivers prefcribe :

‘And Men that are mad fould be dipp’d in the Sea.”

RAKEWELL.

DIALOGUE THE THIRD.

Rake. There is nothing like tasting of the cup of *ill* fortune, to give a man a relish for good. I never was half so happy as I am just now.

Ha! My YORKSHIRE Cousin come again? and well-come, too! Give me your hand, my honest Fellow, and wish me joy; heartily wish me joy.

Wood. I do wish you joy from the bottom of my heart: though it is needless, I think, to wish it-you, for you seem in full possession of it already.

Rake. No; not in full possession: only in earnest, ardent expectation of the supreme bliss that man can have.

Well, HARRY! have you ordered four Horses fleetier than the wind? and a couple of JEHU Drivers.

Harry. I have, Sir: and they will be ready to a moment.

Rate. Make haste then with packing up the Portman-
F teau ;

teas; and put my Hanger into the Chaise; as well as a Case of Pistols. You shall ride my own Horse the first stage; as you may depend upon him.

Harry. Very well, Sir.

Rake. Away; away: bustle well through this journey, and you shall live at ease for the rest of your life.

HARRY going.

But, harkee, HARRY: if any impertinent fellows about the Inn should ask you where we are going, be sure you send them a wrong road.

Harry. Never fear me; Sir: I'll send them to the Devil, if they trouble me with their impertinent questions.

Exit HARRY.

Rake. You seem in amaze, my friend.

Wood. Indeed I am in a maze: and in need of a clue to extricate me. You speak so rapidly; and look so joyous, I could almost fancy you were preparing for a trip to SCOTLAND, rather than about to risk your life in a duel. Or, are you full intention murder? and the Chaise is only to be in readiness in case you should have the good — ill fortune to kill your antagonist?

Rake. Not so, GEORGE. Affairs have taken an unexpectedly favorable turn within this hour. TOM TRIGGER and I are friends again.

Wood.

Wood. 'TOM TRIGGER!' Why you told me it was JACK CARELESS you had the quarrel with.

Rake. Did I so? Ifaith, I forgot that. But, it makes good the old proverb: 'Who swerves from truth, should be right in memory.' for both those personages were fictitious. They were the first names that then occurred to me. SIR EDWARD SIMPER was the real target I meant to fire at: but the home question being in the interim put to the Lady, she happily avowed a preference of me; and the Baronet has very handsomely given in his resignation.——

Wood. As Ministers affect to do when they are forcibly turned out of office. Your finesse, however, in withholding the name would not have concealed the party from me; for I had resolved to be behind MONTAGUE HOUSE by break of day; and, with the aid of a couple of Constables, would have brought your military affair to a civil conclusion.

Rake. Ha, ha, ha! How very cunning was my Country Cousin! But not enough so to outwit a Templar. Forgive me, GEORGE, the pious—or, if you please, the impious—fraud I practised on you: for as I saw the drift of your particular inquiries; and fearing lest my courage should be called in question by your well-meant, but too officious interference, I purposely imposed upon you in every particular. It was not behind MONTAGUE HOUSE we were to meet; but in HYDE PARK.

Wood. Why! what a determined, blood-thirsty fellow you are, FRANK: and with the character heretofore of being thoroughly good tempered.

Rake. And so, I flatter myself, I am still. But the idea of losing the Woman I doat on put me beside myself, and I was mad enough to resolve upon a Duel, as the only effectual way of getting rid of a Rival.

Wood. Mad doings indeed! to resolve upon blowing out a fellow-creature's brains.—And at the risk too, let me remind you, of having your own blown about your ears.

Rake. But then consider the prize; no less than Woman—lovely Woman—was to reward the Victor, which even you would think a stake worth fighting for.

Wood. Indeed but I would not: as Providence has kindly ordered things. If there were but *one* lovely Woman in the world, I'd fight for her most manfully: but as there are so many hundreds and hundreds undisposed of, I trust that some *one* or other of them will fall *peaceably* to my share.

Rake. That thing called 'Fighting' goes plaguily against your stomach, You would make but a wretched Soldier, GEORGE.

Wood. A very wretched one, indeed, FRANK. I was not cast in a cannon mould: nor served a military Apprenticeship

prenticeship at GIBRALTAR. HEATHFIELD himself could not have reconciled me to the hardships of war.

Rake. BURN, I believe, will make a better Justice of Peace of you. When do you think of taking out your *Dedimus*?

Wood. In two, or three years. If I do not before break my neck in Hunting.

Rake. Which is the only chance of fortune you will allow your Younger Brother.

Wood. Exactly so, FRANK. I may get a fatal fall in leaping a five-barred Gate; or be drowned in fording a river: but I shall never hang myself for love; nor let a Rival push carte and tierce at me.

Rake. That is to say, you will risk your life in pursuit of a Fox, and not——of a fine Woman. Foh! fch! that smells too rank of the Country Squire.

Enter HARRY, with a Note, which RAKEWELL kisses the Seal of rapturously, and breaks open.

Wood. A Woman's folding, I'll be sworn;—by the form of the true lover's knot.—and sealed, I warrant, with two billing doves, or two bleeding hearts.——

Rake. Impressed, moreover, by the fairest, dearest hand in Christendom; which I must fly to kiss. In the mean while, WOOLLY, you may be looking over my books.

books. I think you will meet with some one worth your reading; although my library is not *enriched* with 'The Sportsman's Dictionary.'

Wood. Why then your library is not worth staying in: and I'll walk out of it.

Rake. Psha! Cannot you wait a little? I shall be back in a minute.

Wood. A Lover's minute, when with his Mistress, may be protracted to many hours. So I will go to Nando's Coffee-house; where, if you can find leisure, you may find me. If you do not, I shall take my dinner alone, consoled with the reflection that you are better engaged.

Rake. The truth is, if I should return in a minute or two, I could not stop three: for I am pressing to the goal of happiness. Hey-go-mad to the North, Lad: and next week return a sober Benedick.

Wood. And if you continue sober, you shall have my benediction. So adieu.

Exit.

THE

THE GAMESTER.

*A Town Eclogue.**Alea quando**Hos animos? Neque enim loculis comitantibus itur**Ad casum tabulae, posita sed luditur arcâ.*

JUVENAL.

SAINT JAMES's clock strikes three: 'tis dead of night:

Th' expiring lamps scarce lend a glimmering light:

All hush'd abroad: no Prostitutes infest

The streets: and Pickpockets are gone to rest.

'Who calls a Coach?'—assails the ear no more:

And Chairmen slumber at the tavern door.

Weary of waiting, too, the Footmen sleep,

The while their gambling Lords their vigils keep.

When, lo! FRITILLUS—late the rich and gay—

But now the sad FRITILLUS skulks away

From WHITE's, undone this fatal night at play.

Homeward, though hardly knowing where to go,

Homeward he turns with faltering step, and slow:

At length arrived, the whilst he doubting stands,

Whether to knock, or not, his listless hands

Let fall the knocker, with a gentle tap,

More like a Beggar's than a Master's rap.

His

His Servants wonder much to see him come
 Afoot, disorder'd, unattended home :
 Till, from his haggard looks, they rightly guess,
 Ill luck at play occasions his distress.
 Yet, hoping still secure in place they are:
 They for their Master's losses little care :
 ' Nay, were He ruin'd, why should They be sad ?
 ' Are there not other places to be had ?

VERGETTE, indeed, was more alarm'd ; he knew
 Though ENGLAND swarms with fools, there are but few
 That would for Valets *Foreigners* prefer ;
 Who bring at best a doubtful character :
 For seldom men their native country quit,
 Unless by debt, or crimes, compell'd to it.
 Nor would VERGETTE himself his land have left,
 But for an *awkward* circumstance of theft.
 Careless FRITILLUS's inquiries went
 Not to his worth, but talents ; well content
 To have a Valet noted for his rare
 Address in pimping, as in dressing hair :
 With small-talk, flattery, and servile arts
 Which win upon weak heads, and vicious hearts.
 Talents for which extravagantly paid
Monfieur already had a fortune made,
 Had not his own (as is a common case)
 Expences with FRITILLUS's kept pace.

But not aware what lengths his Master run,
 The Valet hoped he was not quite undone.

Anxious

Anxious he watch'd his countenance ; and fain
Would questions ask ; but fear'd to give him pain.

' Were it some common loss, or petty fray,

' FRITILLUS would not hesitate to say.'

For oft before he had confess'd in sooth

The misdemeanors incident to youth.—

When, hot with wine,* he rush'd into the toils

Of lust ; or sought for fame in midnight broils :

Rambling the Streets in those mad moments when

Ev'n Dukes confound themselves with common men :

When Thieves and Bullies sally forth to drub,

And rob the Members of the OFFAL † CLUB.

FRITILLUS there initiated had been ;

And all the ' Humours of the Garden ' seen ;

Ransack'd the filthiest Allies of the Town ;

Knock'd Bunters up, § and poor, old Watchmen down :

G

And

* ' Hot with the Tuscan grape.' ROWE.

† This Society, which was originally instituted for social and convivial purposes, has, like too many others, degenerated into horrible licentiousness: and by the artifice of VOLPONE DEMOCRAT is now altogether subservient to the purposes of FACTION.

W. W.

Offella—whence our word OFFAL—*Offella bubula carnis*, is Latin for a 'Beef Steak,' and as I observe there has been an erasure in the Manuscript, query, Did not the Author originally write BEEF-STEAK CLUB; and might afterwards have been seized with a fit of courtly compunction, upon being informed that THE HEIR APPARENT TO GREAT BRITAIN, AND ALL ITS VAST DEPENDANCIES, had, by becoming a Member of it, brought himself to a level with the Meanest there?

COMPOSITOR.

§ In the language of *Bucks*, is, to rap violently at the Doors of wretched Prostitutes; on purpose to disturb them if they are engaged; and if they are not, to give them the false hope of Customers.

And worsted oft, slunk home with tatter'd clothes,
Dishevel'd hair, black eyes, or bloody nose.

Worse than all this had happ'd the Valet fear'd ;
Although no marks of violence appear'd.
'Perchance in Duel He had ta'en the life
'Of some dear Friend! Or, caught with some one's Wife!
To ask, howe'er, he thought was indiscreet :
'If bad, it soon enough his ear would meet :
'If it were otherwise, he did not doubt,
'Next morn would bring the mighty secret out !

Yet, in the room sometime he loitering stood,
Until FRITILLUS said, in surly mood,
'He did not want him : bidding him put down
'His net, and comb ; and cap, † and dressing-gown.
'He'd rest awhile upon the couch ; he said :
'And bade the valet go himself to bed.'
At which unusual whim VERGETTE admires ;
But, as he's bid, respectfully retires.

FRITILLUS little is to rest inclined :
His recent losses prey upon his mind:
Adown his cheeks unmanly tears descend :
And sighs burst forth that seem his heart to rend.

Each

† It is one instance of the Sybaritic effeminacy of some of the fine Gentlemen of our age, that they not only make their Valets adjust their hair under a net, but also put on their night-caps for them!! May it not be presumed that this scandalous custom was brought over by some unworthy, travelled Englishman, who had made rather too long a stay in ITALY?

Each sigh he wish'd might be his latest breath :
 And long'd for sleep—but as the sleep of death.
 His busy memory runs his follies o'er ;
 Probes all his wounds ; and cuts him to the core :
 His brain inflames ; he cannot bear the touch :
 But springs, like tortured RICHARD, from his couch :
 The room he traverses with hasty tread :
 And wrings his hands ; then claps them to his head,
 And presses hard ; as if to mash his brain ;
 And so at once destroy all sense of pain.

To this succeeds a colder fit, of gloom :
 And now again he traverses the room ;
 But with more regular and even pace ;
 And stops at times, to comment on his case.

• If Winners have a right to laugh, sure I }
 • A Loser, have an equal right to cry ; }
 • To rave ; and curse the cards, and more capricious }
 Die.

• Accursed the day when first I went to BATH,
 • And scraped acquaintance with SIR TONY LATH,
 • COL'NEL O'BLUFF, and SMOUCHIKIN the Jew,
 • And LADY PAM, who tempted me to Loo !

• But, thrice accursed that more seducing day,
 • When first at Hazard I presumed to play !
 • The heaps of gold upon the table spread
 • Dazaled my eyes, and giddy turn'd my head.

'What boots it that I warily began ;
 'And in my favor fortune some time ran ?
 'Tis thus the Devil takes beginners in ;
 'And draws them so much deeper into sin.

'There was a time I had a fortune made,
 'Had I but quitted then the gambling trade :
 'More than enough I had, on frugal plan,
 'To live, and live, too, like a Gentleman.
 'But with my winnings my ambition grew :
 'Prospects of grandeur open'd to my view :
 'And Avarice said, since fortune smiles, why not
 'Pursue your luck ; and be a second SCOTT ?
 'Like MIDAS he, of whom we read of old
 'That every thing he finger'd turn'd to gold.

'But not content with empty wealth alone,
 'I meant to have a *Borough* of my own.

'Although

* General SCOTT, who won above Three hundred thousand Pounds by Play : and fairly too : that is, as fairly as any one can make money by *Gambling*. The adage, '*Alcator, quanto in arte est melior, tanto est nequior*,' was not in its worse sense applicable to him. He was not, that I know of, ever suspected of cogging a Die, or marking a Card. His great advantage lay in a readiness at calculation, and quickness at combining : which is what the French mean by '*L'Esprit de Jeu*.' And next to which he was indebted to his invariable temperance ;—not a laudable, moral temperance ; but a cunning Gambler's *regimen* ; by which he kept his head at all times cool. He used to drink water, when the rest of the company were drinking wine ; and that often to excess. This was playing the Old Soldier, it is true : but, as he did it openly and avowedly, one has the less compassion for those *undisciplined* Recruits who, in their potvaliance, had the hardiness to cope with him.

' Although no speaker, I could wondering sit
 ' At Fox's bold || assertions,—SHERRY's Wit,— }
 ' And all commanding eloquence of PITT.

' Nor did I doubt a Bloody-hand to get ;
 ' Or purchase, when I pleased, a Coronet.

' Such my vain dreams ; which now dispersed, I know
 ' My real doom,—a life of endless woe :
 ' A life of wretchedness ; without one ray
 ' Of distant hope to cheer me on my way.

' But what adds poignancy to all my grief,
 ' Weighs down my soul with sorrow past relief,
 ' Is that with dear EMILIA I must part :
 ' Must tear her image from my bleeding heart :
 ' Forget that angel Fair, in whom is join'd
 ' A peerless person with a faultless mind.

' Forget her ! No ; whilst memory holds her seat,—
 ' Whilst this fond heart has yet the force to beat,
 ' I'll think of her ; and think her mine : and when
 ' I am no more,—ah ! whose shall she be then ?
 ' Some happier Youth, who is not fortune's slave,
 ' Some happier Youth EMILIA's hand shall have.

' Shall then Another fold her in his arms ?
 ' Kisses imprint ; and revel in her charms ?

' Turn

|| CHARLES FOX is 'notorious' for the *hardness* of his assertions;
 which he always strengthens with affected vehemence and loudness.
 Any one hearing him, *for the first time*, would think it impossible that
 the next day might flatly contradict what CHARLES so confidently
 affirms.

'What boots it that I warily began;
 'And in my favor fortune some time ran?
 'Tis thus the Devil takes beginners in;
 'And draws them so much deeper into sin.

'There was a time I had a fortune made,
 'Had I but quitted then the gambling trade:
 'More than enough I had, on frugal plan,
 'To live, and live, too, like a Gentleman.
 'But with my winnings my ambition grew:
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 'Like MIDAS he, of whom we read of old
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 'I meant to have a *Borough* of my own.
 'Although

* General SCOTT, who won above Three hundred thousand Pounds by Play: and fairly too: that is, as fairly as any one can make money by *Gambling*. The adage, '*Aleator, quanto in arte est melior, tanto est nequior*,' was not in its worse sense applicable to him. He was not, that I know of, ever suspected of cogging a Die, or marking a Card. His great advantage lay in a readiness at calculation, and quickness at combining: which is what the French mean by '*L'Esprit de Jeu*.' And next to which he was indebted to his invariable temperance;—not a laudable, moral temperance; but a cunning Gambler's *regimen*; by which he kept his head at all times cool. He used to drink water, when the rest of the company were drinking wine; and that often to excess. This was playing the Old Soldier, it is true: but, as he did it openly and avowedly, one has the less compassion for those *undisciplined* Recruits who, in their pot valiance, had the hardiness to cope with him.

' Although no speaker, I could wondering sit
 ' At Fox's bold || assertions,—SHERRY's Wit,—
 ' And all commanding eloquence of PITT.

}

' Nor did I doubt a Bloody-hand to get ;
 ' Or purchase, when I pleased, a Coronet.

' Such my vain dreams ; which now dispersed, I know
 ' My real doom,—a life of endless woe :
 ' A life of wretchedness ; without one ray
 ' Of distant hope to cheer me on my way.

' But what adds poignancy to all my grief,
 ' Weighs down my soul with sorrow past relief,
 ' Is that with dear EMILIA I must part :
 ' Must tear her image from my bleeding heart :
 ' Forget that angel Fair, in whom is join'd
 ' A peerless person with a faultless mind.

' Forget her ! No : whilst memory holds her seat,—
 ' Whilst this fond heart has yet the force to beat,
 ' I'll think of her ; and think her mine : and when
 ' I am no more,—ah ! whose shall she be then ?
 ' Some happier Youth, who is not fortune's slave,
 ' Some happier Youth EMILIA's hand shall have.

' Shall then Another fold her in his arms ?
 ' Kisses imprint ; and revel in her charms ?

' Turn

|| CHARLES FOX is 'notorious' for the *hardness* of his assertions ;
 which he always strengthens with affected vehemence and loudness.
 Any one hearing him, *for the first time*, would think it impossible that
 the next day might flatly contradict what CHARLES so confidently
 affirms.

' Turn from that picture : turn away thine eyes :
' Think on't no more : for ' that way madness lies.' "

' Do what I will my mind on her will dwell :
' Although the thought of losing her is hell.

' This very day—but six hours since—I might,
' If I can read a virgin's looks aright,
' Have made EMILIA mine : been blest for life
' In having such an angel for my wife.

' Why did I not at the PANTHEON stay ?
' Why leave such charming company ?—For *Play* !
' And had I then so vile, depraved a taste,
' Rather at *dice* to choose my hours to waste,
' Than hear sweet Music ; amongst Beauties be ;
' And one of them the matchless EMILY ?
' Was it in hope of fortune, or of fame ? †
' Or, worse, the mere propensity to game ?
' Wretch that I was, and Idiot, to prefer
' Play, fortune, fame, or any thing to her !

' SIR FOPLING FLUTTER told me of the set,
' Deep Players all, in desperate humour met.
' The Set indeed at desperate play I found ;
' Rouleaus on Rouleaus heap'd the table round :

' A

• SNAKESPEARE.

† Strange as it may seem to a rational Reader, there certainly are young Men,—and they not downright Fools,—who fancy they derive a consequence from playing deep.

' A tempting fight ! I soon edged in a chair :
 ' Full-feather'd birds I knew were welcome there.
 ' And they who smarted by my former luck
 ' Hoped in their turn my pigeon wings to pluck :
 ' They threaten'd it ; nor were their threatenings vain ;
 ' They've pluck'd me so I ne'er shall soar again.

' Some Evil-Genius, sure, with luckless wand
 ' Touch'd the fell Box when put into my hand :
 ' And by that signal understood by all,
 ' Except myself, made known my fated fall :
 ' For, through the Set a competition ran,
 ' Who should stake highest, knowing well their man :
 ' A desperate fool ; who ne'er refused to *take**
 ' The largest sum that any one would stake.
 ' An upstart Nabob, richer than the rest,
 ' Resolved to put my daring to the test,
 ' Threw down his pocket-book, † contents unknown ;
 ' I cover'd all ; ashamed to be out done.

‘ Rattling

* To *take*, at *Hazard*, means to ‘take as a bet,’ or accept as a money-challenge ; and is, I believe, signified by a tap with the Dice-Box : which is also called ‘covering.’

† The circumstance of an *Anglo-Nabob* throwing down his Pocket-Note-Book,—acknowledging that it contained an immense sum, but would not say *how* much,—actually happened in a Set where the late Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND was, and was then *Caster* : but, HIS GRACE, though of princely profuseness in his style of life ; in his Houses, Equipages, Servants ; and yet more in his Hospitalities, and Charities ; was guarded in his *Play*. He knew that even a Ducal fortune could not long support deep play : and though his connexions, and habits led him to sport a little, he had too much good sense to be the dupe of Gamblers.

- Rattling the dice, I threw ; the Main was Seven :
- O, how I long'd for the *grand-nick*, Eleven !
- Now, now, Dear Fortune, favour me ! I cried.—
- When, lo ! *trois-ace*,—*crabs*, cursed crabs, I spied.
- The Winners all set up a hideous roar
- Of joy ; and I sunk senseless on the floor.
- Would they had let me senseless still remain !
- Not brought me back to hated life again !
- I thank them not for their officious care
- Who oped the Windows to let in fresh air.
- For all they inly cared, I might have died,
- So that their claims had been but satisfied.
- What those claims were they let me know as soon
- As I was well recover'd from my swoon.
- For when I oped my aching eyes I found
- My numerous Creditors were standing round ;
- Somewhat inquisitive about my health ;
- But very, very much about my wealth.
- Not only all my notes, and cash I paid ;
- But parted with what Valuables I had.
- FLASH took a fancy to my Diamond Ring :
- CRINGE said, my Snuff-box was the prettiest thing
- He ever saw ; and which he wish'd to take,—
- With my good leave,—and keep it for my sake.
- The Box he's welcome to, as box of *gold*,
- But it had what I prized a thousand fold,
- EMILIA'S portrait. He has that and all;—
- No matter ; I have lost the Original.

SHARPER'S

• SHARPER's behaviour hurt me most; for He
 • Should not have lent a hand in stripping me.
 • He who a few weeks since not worth a groat
 • I lent five hundred to, to keep afloat;
 • Which to this hour he never has repaid;
 • Although he set a Thousand; (as he said.)
 • Oh! it was scandalously mean to catch
 • Hold of my chain, and force from me my watch:
 • So mere a trifle. But he found that I
 • Was beggar'd, ruin'd past recovery.

• ETHRIDGE drove off my Bays and Vis-a-vis.
 • A Hack is now full good enough for me:
 • Too good. I've no occasion for a coach.
 • Where should I go? Whose doors should I approach?
 • My former Friends? Friends! prostituted name!
 • Which of them does not glory in my shame?
 • Which of them does not pride himself that he
 • Shared in the spoils, and help'd to ruin me?

• Thou hast no friends, FRITILLUS; no, not one
 • Would own acquaintance with a man undone.
 • Like the Athenian Prodigal's, were thine:
 • It was not thee they loved: it was thy wine.

H

• Whilst

• This may be considered perhaps as rather a violation of the
 usage preserved amongst the Great Gamblers at WHITE's, BROOKS's,
 &c. They do not commonly strip a Gentleman of his personal or-
 naments. But, at the inferior Houses, about COVENT GARDEN, and
 the like, they take the very buckles out of his shoes.

§ TIMON.

' Whilst at thy cost bright Burgundy they quaff'd,
 ' Bright was thy genius, too : at thy good things they
 laugh'd.
 ' So RIGBY's forced conceits *bons-mots* they call,
 ' Whilst they are getting drunk at MISTLEY HALL;
 ' And SELWYN nothing says so trite, or silly,
 ' That does not pass for wit in PICABILLY.
 ' But should their fortune fall into the sere,
 ' Not one of those would go their mansions near.

' Such are the needy Sycophants who wait,
 ' Time-serving wretches, on the Rich, and Great :
 ' Who cringe to any He that can afford
 ' To pay for praise, and keep a plenteous board.

' And can'st not, must not thou, FRITILLUS, learn
 ' To cringe, and fawn, and flatter in thy turn ?—
 ' No : may'st thou sharpest, direst hunger feel,
 ' And perish for the want of one poor meal,
 ' Rather than cringe to Such as lately were
 ' Thy Equals only ! still thy spirit bear.
 ' Thou art a man : and ruin'd though thou art,
 ' Thou can'st not beg : thou hast too proud a heart.

' Nay, if unask'd they would a pittance give
 ' Thou would'st not surely condescend to live

' On

§ Mr. RIGBY's *Villa*; where he keeps—or, rather did keep, when
 this Eclogue was written,—a most sumptuous, and Bacchanalian
 board.

† Mr. SELWYN's place of residence: and where he occasionally
 gave dinners to a very few friends; whose chief merit lay in *propa-*
gating a Joke.

' On common bounty ; and from day to day
 ' Accept of favors thou could'st not repay.
 ' I have no family that asks my care ;
 ' No Children ; for whose sake I much could bear ;
 ' Even to ignominy : I've no Wife,
 ' Nor Mistress, who depends upon my life :
 ' I know, indeed, the gracious EMILY
 ' Has something like partiality for me :
 ' But not so lost to honor, or to shame,
 ' Am I, to woo her, ruin'd as I am :
 ' Though She, another EMMA, were content
 ' To go with me to wars, or banishment,
 ' I'm not a selfish wretch ; no HENRY I :
 ' I would not let a virtuous Maiden fly
 ' Her Kindred ; leave a comfortable home ;
 ' With me a beggar'd, ' banish'd man to roam.
 ' My feelings such, I could not bear to see
 ' Her whom I loved undone by loving me.

' No more of that : *Love!* thou must be no more
 ' My theme : my hopes of happiness are o'er.
 ' Tempests assail me. Love, as usual flies
 ' To seek for refuge under calmer skies.
 ' Yet—oh ! tormenting thought!—I might have seen
 ' Days all of joy ; my hours all halcyon been.

' Was ever fool like me, to stake so vast
 ' A sum, a fortune, on a single cast !

H 2

' Ay ;

* See CHAUCER's '*Nut-Brown-Maid*;' as modernized by PRIOR.

' Ay ; I deserved to be of all bereft,

' I've not one, solitary guinea left.

' What, under circumstances such, what can

' A Wretch that calls himself a Gentleman ?

' Too proud to *beg* : for *labor* I'm unfit :

' To *write* 's precarious ;—If I had the wit :

' And if of *commerce* I some little knew ;

' Without a capital what could I do ?

' The trade of fighting, if it war-time were,

' Would suit me well ; a desperate Volunteer

' Makes a good Soldier.* This my maiden sword

' Might means of life, or welcome death afford.

' If *welcome* death, why not this very hour

' Embrace it while it is within my power ?

' Hold !—Is it not rank cowardice to fly

' From life ?—But, then, To live in penury !—

' Better—Grant Heaven it better be ! —to die.*

He turn'd the sword towards him as he said ;

And in his bowels sheathed the shining blade.

Thus, desperate as he lived, he desperate died ;

A Gambler first, and then a Suicide.

DESULTORY

* *LUCULLI Miles——et sibi et hosti*

Iratu pariter, jejunis dentibus acer. HORACE.

DESULTORY THOUGHTS.

MORE female characters are lost by levity, than by intrigue.

2. The Public Purse should neither be intrusted to a Miser, nor a Spendthrift. The one would embezzle as much as he could; and the other would throw all away.

3. They who have little, or no brains, talk the loudest; as empty vessels make the most noise.

4. He who has debauched a Woman is a Villain; but if he suffers her therefore to be insulted, he is a Scoundrel into the bargain.

5. Gaming is the vice of Hope.

6. How can two persons come to a right judgement on any thing which they respectively examine only partially: Each looking at it in a different light, or on opposite sides? When Miss (for instance) has taken a fancy to her Lover, she says, 'Dear Papa, do but look, how *handsome* he is; and he is as amiable as he is handsome.'

"Prithee, Child, do not interrupt me with your nonsense, "I am looking at his *Rent-roll*." Captivated Miss is admiring the Beauty of ALCIBIADES: and OLD HUNKS reverses the Medal, to see what are his Possessions.

7. The

7. 'The Girl who has inflamed her passions by 'Novel-reading,' is a *Piece* ready charged and primed: the least *Spark* (if I may be excused the treble pun ?)—will make her go off.

8. 'Novel-reading' debauches the mind, as much as rich Drams do the palate: after '*Parfait-Amour*,'* every thing else tastes insipid.

9. If the King pardons a Housebreaker, and he afterward breaks into my house, and murders me, which of the Two is my family to blame—not to say curse? the Housebreaker, or his Majesty? ——— The first offence certainly lay at the Villain's door: but the second as certainly at the King's.

10. One should never deal with a Tradesman who is fond of Play. for, being avid of great gain; and subject to heavy losses; it is not likely he will be content with moderate profit.

11. It rarely happens that very handsome Women have highly-cultivated understanding: for so much of their time is taken up in adorning the person in private, and sporting it in public, that they have little left to bestow upon the improvement of the mind.

12. Poets should be allowed to build 'Castles in the air'; for very few of them have *terra firma* enough on which to build a Cottage.

13. He

* The name of a rich *Liqueur*.

13. He who continues on his course of sin, 'only for a little while longer' as he says to himself;—and thinks he is in no danger, because he purposes to extinguish all his criminal passions, before he lay down his head to take final rest; is in like danger with a Person who reads in bed by candle-light; in confidence of not being overtaken by a drowsy fit; but the fit gradually, and imperceptibly comes on; until at length sleep seals his eyelids; and he is presently awakened in the most horribly perilous state; in *an apartment of fire*; from which he can only escape by God's transcendent mercy.

14. We look with a favorable eye on Those whose dispositions, errors, or even vices, are similar to our own: and read their lives and actions with that sort of complacency with which we look into a glass:—because it reflects our own image.

15. The lovers of 'Cock-fighting,' especially of that cruelest kind, called a 'Welch-Main,' ought, as much as Butchers, to be excluded from Juries upon life and death; as it is impossible for any one to take pleasure in seeing blood spilt, who has not a hard heart.

16. Many handsome women are above the meanness of decrying another's beauty; but an ugly woman thinks nobody handsome but herself.

17. It is safer to form a connexion with Those who have obliged you, than with Those whom you have obliged.

The

18. If you suspect that a certain person has secretly done you an ill turn, note well his after behaviour to you. If his deportment is more distant than usual, or if he be uncommonly civil, in either case you may presume him guilty.

19. Little minds stumble at difficulties which great ones stride over.

20. The Writer who purloins a thought, and, making in it some slight change, appropriates it to himself, has in reality no more right to it, than a Thief has to a piece of plate, because he has erased the marks, or melted it into ingots.

21. The Voluptuary glories in his passions; the Philosopher wishes he had none.

22. An animated style and good hand-writing are incompatible: for, he who takes time to cut his letters true cannot keep pace with rapid thoughts.

23. He who betrays Another's secrets, because he has quarrelled with him, was never worthy of the sacred name of 'Friend': a breach of kindness on the one side will not justify a breach of trust on the other.

24. When that State-Quack VOLPONE is *speechifying* in a certain Assembly, his loudness, vehemence, and gestures, put me in mind of a German Mountebank: and when LITTLE CHICK gets up to second him, who can help thinking of a Zany?

25. Indolence,

25. Indolence, though we cannot always trace its remote effects, has made greater havoc with mankind, than war, pestilence, and famine.

26. The most irritable folk, are usually the most placable.

27. That PETER PINDAR (as he has very ludicrously called himself) has *humor*, no one will deny: but, to be always harping, in Jacobinical strain, against Royalty;—to be perpetually lugging in Madam SCHWELLENBURG by the head and shoulders;—and retailing such idle gossip as HAL's Spies can pick up in the purlieus of the Palace; or SHERRY's fertile genius can invent; betrays much indolence, and little taste: it is the monotonous drawl of an itinerant Ballad Singer; and not the *bravura* of a Great Master.

That PETER has humor, I again readily acknowledge; but is it not clothed in language intolerably coarse? Is not what he pleases to call verse wholly without cadency or measure? and are not his rhymes doggrel, beyond even the license of Burlesque?

As to the main drift of his Writings, his ostensible Politics, if he can reconcile them to his notions of the English Constitution, and to his fealty as a Subject, I envy him neither his feelings, nor his principles.

THE DOWNFALL OF DIDO.

A BURLESQUE EPOPEE.

PREFATORY ADDRESS.

THE Title of this Poem will necessarily remind Travestie Readers of COTTON'S 'Scarronides.' When I undertook this Work, many years since, it was not to run a race *against* that facetious Wight; but rather to aid him on his way, and permanently establish his literary reputation: for, to say the truth of his Work, though it had gone through *fifteen Editions*, when it fell into my hands, it was still so coarse and filthy in its language, that it was less worthy to be presented at the Temple of FAME, than at the Temple of CLOACINA.

It was my purpose, therefore, to free Mr. COTTON from his gross, peccant humors, and thereby to increase his real strength, and spirit.

But, I had another object much nearer my heart than Mr. COTTON'S fame, and that was the fame of the much-injured DIDO. To do justice to whom I determined, not only to give to the Poem a different turn from what SCARRON, and his Translator had done; but also to pen a new Canto, or two; in order to introduce QUARAN Dido to the Reader in a less disgusting light.

And at the same time that I was rescuing Her Character from unjust aspersions, (which I could not brook even in Burlesque,) I took occasion to heap coals of indignation upon the head of that precious Scoundrel, yeleft ENEAS;—the 'pious' ENEAS; as

VIRGIL

VIRGIL impiously calls him, in servile compliment to the supposititious Ancestor of AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

DIDO, therefore, as my Title imports, is the Heroine of the Poem: and I have traced back her History from the loss of her beloved Husband; and her being necessitated to leave her home and parish; and go elsewhere to gain a settlement.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I SING THE WOMAN—God of wit,

APOLLO, have I your permit?

CALLIOPE, I know, will lend

Her aid; and be a bardling's friend:—

Her Sex's friend, too; for I sing

A Woman worthy of a King:

A Queen she was; and One of art

To reign: but, oh! she had a heart:—

A tender one as ever strove

Against the violence of Love.

I sing a Woman without fault—

(Why stares the Reader? 'Blood and thunder!

'Is't not enough to make one stare?—

'Would it not make a Parson swear,—

'To hear you talk of such a wonder?

Be patient, Sir: yourself compose:

And only let the sentence close.)

I sing a Woman without fault——
 Except her being somewhat salt;
 Which many grave Philosophers
 Will say, was nature's fault, not hers : *
 In which I willingly concur :
 As far at least as favors her.
 If MINOS should not think as I do,
 Woe to some Thousands worse than DIDO;
 The MESSALINAS, LIGONIER ; ——
 The Punks of old, and modern years.
 Let's hope, if such are doom'd to go
 To penitential realms below,
 That not eternal is their woe. }
 Eternity of woe would be
 Dear pay for short felicity.
 Although no Papist, as I live,
 I think 'Punition Purgative'
 To justice more conformable
 Than pain perdurable in hell.
 But this I leave to the Divine,
 Sermonic PIERRE. † BURLESQUE be mine.
 This only hint I to the Ladies,
 Devils *ex-carnate* when in HADES,
 I hope they will not There receive
 Visits from such as took French leave

Of

* " And when weak Women go astray,
 " Their stars are more in fault than they." PRIOR.

† A Swiss Clergyman, resident in England; who has published
 an admirable Book on ' Divine Goodness.'

Of them above. They'll send no doubt
 Their invitation cards about
 As usual for a 'Sunday Rout:'
 But, sure, they'll leave such false Loons out.
 Men, whether Royal, † or Plebeian,
 Who treat them *a-la-mode* ENEAN, †
 Deserve not when they die to be
 D—mn'd in such sweet society.

When that vile Trojan, who, 'tis said,
 His native Land for gold betray'd;
 And afterward, as on my life
 I think, on purpose lost his Wife;
 Or kill'd: and then, to vex her Ghostess,
 Went and debauch'd his Afric Hostess;
 And having ruin'd her; and spoil'd
 Her shape, by getting her with child;
 As his lust lessen'd, and her love
 Enlarged, the Wretch resolv'd to move
 His quarters; his kind Mistress leave;
 And troop, some new one to deceive.

When she besought him not to go,
 He said, '*The Gods would have it so.*'
 What sort of Gods? what sort of Jove
 Was his?—to warrant breach of love?

OVID

† I hope I shall not, from these words, be thought to glance at
 HAL HEEDLESS, a *Personage* notorious for entering readily into very
 serious Engagements, and violating them sans ceremony.

OVID, indeed, has somewhere said,
 'Jove laughs at Lover's perjuries.'
 But OVID was a waggish Blade;
 And did not stick at telling lies.
 The graver MARO, how could he,
 Unless from court venality,
 To flatter CÆSAR, and excuse
 His Ancestor, debase his Muse,
 And morals, so, as to pretend
 That Jove would villainies befriend?
 Ribald SCARRON has done the same;
 T'excuse a Prince, he lays the blame
 ON JUPITER: as if the Gods
 With truth and honor were at odds.
 But he's a Frenchman; and may I,
 A Briton born, in GALLIA die,
 That Land of vice and perfidy,
 If ever I the matter mince,
 To flatter dead, or living Prince.

Thus ended this long-winded proem,
 'Tis time to re-begin my poem.

I sing the Woman, eke the Widow,
 ELISA call'd, but oft'ner DIDO,
 Who, ere her weeds to rags were worn
 Found the state single so forlorn,
 She wish'd for Somebody o' nights,—
 Were't but to drive away the Sprites:

Her

* JUPITER ex alto perjuris ridet Amantum.

Her dear SICHÆUS did, they say,
 Drive them most manfully away :
 Which made her so lament and weep
 His death, poor Thing ! she could not sleep :
 But, like a froward child, would cry
 For some he-nurse's lullaby.——
 In honest wife : for though ' the Dame
 ' Was a great lover of the same,' *
 She had such dignity and honor,
 No Courtier e'er could get upon her :
 Much less she'd Lacquey let, or Groom,
 Officiate in a Husband's room.

Yet oft she cursed her ruthless fate,
 Which robb'd her early of one Mate,
 And not repaid her with another :
 But oft'ner cursed her cruel Brother ;
 That avaricious wretch, PYGMALION,
 Who, though a King, was a Rascallion.
 For filthy lucre sake He slew
 Her Hub ; who was his Bishop, too.
 But, I must own, one fault he had :
 My-Lord-High-Priest was *Hunting-mad*.
 Which gave PYGMALION by the bye
 A hint to fabricate a lie :
 He said ' SICHÆUS met his fate
 ' By leaping at a five-barr'd gate.
 And added ; ' Priests were wrong in going,
 ' Like idle Laymen, *tally-voing*.

Had

* PRIOR.

- Had he had grace at home to stay ;
- To tend his flock ; and with them pray ;
- He might have lived yet many a day.' •

'Tis true enough § He met his fate
 When leaping at a five barr'd gate. —
 But how ? The barbarous deed was done
 By DIDO's Brother's Mother's Son :
 By PYG himself ; who with whip handle,
 As thick as Romish Chapel candle,
 And loaded purposely with lead,
 Hit the poor Parson o'er the head.
 The blow was given with such *good* will,
 As some would say, but I say—*ill* ;
 With so much earnestness and force,
 It knock'd him backward off his horse ;
 Then with reiterated blows
 Black'd both his eyes, and bled his nose.
 Still dreading he might live to tell
 By whose inhuman hands he fell,
 The Monster crack'd his cerebel.
 So that at one or t'other hole
 (Who knows at which ?) out flew his soul.

Query :

• This seriously taken, is only meant to reflect upon Priests who make Hunting their constant *pursuit*, instead of taking it as an occasional recreation.

§ Tis true enough—for my purpose of Burlesque, to state it so : because some Historians do say that SICHÆUS lost his life at a *Hunting-Match*. But, others (among whom VIRGIL) say that he was murdered at the very Altar ; when officiating as High Priest. All, however, agree in this, that PYGMALION was his Assassin.

Query: Was not DESCARTES mista'en,
 To lodge in Glandule *Pinealis*,
 Which is the *anus* of the brain,
 The Soul, man's *motor principalis*?

As soon as P & G had done the deed
 He stuck his spurs into his Steed,
 To join his fellows of the chase:—
 Fellows not overstock'd with grace;
 For neither Huntsman, Whipper-in,
 Nor Yeoman-Pricker, cared a pin
 His lagging Majesty about;
 He had so often been *thrown out*.
 They were surpris'd, indeed, their good
 Bishop, who rode a * *Bit of Blood*,
 Should not be *up* with them: for he
 Was very forward commonly.
 No chase too long for him; no *Burst*
 Too hard; in at the death the First,
 Or Second, his *Who-whoop* you'd hear,
 As loud and shrill as chanticlear.
 If chance some luckier Nimrod had
 The *Brush*, be sure he got a *Pad*.

Alas! no more at early day
 Shall this keen Sportsman *seal away*
 From BETSY's * side; not even taking
 One kiss; for fear of her awaking:

K

Which

* BETSY, i. e. ELISA: *as supra*.

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 ' To tend his flock ; and with them pray ;
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Query :

* This seriously taken, is only meant to reflect upon Priests who make Hunting their constant *pursuit*, instead of taking it as an occasional recreation.

§ 'Tis true enough—for my purpose of Burlesque, to state it so : because some Historians do say that SICHÆUS lost his life at a *Hunting-Match*. But, others (among whom VIRGIL) say that he was murdered at the very Altar ; when officiating as High Priest. All, however, agree in this, that PYGMALION was his Assassin.

Query: Was not DESCARTES mista'en,
To lodge in Glandule *Pinealis*,
Which is the *anus* of the brain,
The Soul, man's *motor principalis*?

As soon as PYG had done the deed
He stuck his spurs into his Steed,
To join his fellows of the chase:—
Fellows not overstock'd with grace;
For neither Huntsman, Whipper-in,
Nor Yeoman-Pricker, cared a pin
His lagging Majesty about;
He had so often been *thrown out*.
They were surpris'd, indeed, their good
Bishop, who rode a 'Bit of Blood,'
Should not be *up* with them: for he
Was very forward commonly.
No chase too long for him; no *Burst*
Too hard; in at the death the First,
Or Second, his *Who-whoop* you'd hear,
As loud and shrill as chanticlear.
If chance some luckier Nimrod had
The *Brush*, be sure he got a *Pad*.

Alas! no more at early day
Shall this keen Sportsman *steal away*
From BETSY's * side; not even taking
One kiss; for fear of her awaking:

K

Which

* BETSY, i. e. ELISA: *see supra*.

Which might bring on, as it was wont,
 Her fond entreaties, 'Not to hunt.
 ' You've got a little cold, my Dear :
 ' And should not breast the morning air.
 ' You'll stop at least, and take your tea ;
 ' One comfortable cup, with me.'

" The hounds are out."

' Well, never mind 'em :

' You know the Covers ; you can find 'em.'

Slight altercation thence arose ;
 Such only as a Sportsman knows,
 Who loves the Chace, and does not hate
 His Mistress kind, or fondling Mate.
 His fondling Mate SICHÆUS loved ;
 But not from Hunting could be moved.
 In vain she drew him to her breast,
 Where he had oft been lull'd to rest :
 In vain she clasp'd him in her arms ;
 And woo'd him with a thousand charms.
 " All things in season ; (He would say :)
 " Night has its sports ; so has the day :
 " Then hold me not ; I must, and will away."

Thus resolutely out of bed
 That very, fatal morn he sped.

But, 'tis high time I should attend
 The King ; who, having made an end

Of

Of poor SICHÆUS, overtook,
 Or rather crofs'd on by mere luck
 The Pack: for, though his steed was good
 As ever royal buttocks strode,
 If Renard had not *headed back*
 He would no more have seen the Pack
 That day: but, luckily for him
 He met the fox in woeful trim;
 Quite black with mire; so tired, and weak,
 He scarce could thread a bramble brake.
 The hounds came up: (and here the muse
 Could tell the quality and strain
 Of every dog; but does not choose
 To give herself such labor vain.)
 The Huntsmen presently appear:
 Squires next: and lagging Lords in rear;
 Who take no pleasure in the Chase;
 But to *court* favor with the King,
 They'd join in that, or any thing:
 In short, they *hunted* for a Place.

PYGMALION gave his whip a crack,
 And stopt the Men but not the Pack:
 The two-legg'd animals obey;
 But the free dogs keep on their way.
 The Sportsmen wonder what the deuce
 The Monarch meant, and what the use
 Of checking them in full career;
 The burst so hard, the fox so near:

But when with rueful phiz PRO said
‘ What cruel, fatal, dire disaster
‘ Befell the Priest, whose reverend head
‘ Was broken past the cure of plaster ;
They one and all began to stare ;
Bless’d the Defunct ; and cursed his Mare,
Though never known to make false step
Before, nor boggle at a leap.
Just at that moment they espied her
Galloping up without her Rider ;
Which made them think the Monarch spoke
The truth for once, though apt to joke :
Nor could they doubt of it, when PRO
Began to tear his best Scratch Wig ;
Turn’d up his eyes like duck in thunder ;
And ‘ Wish’d the fates had cut afunder
‘ His silken thread,——a worsted one
‘ Now his SICHÆUS dear was gone,——
‘ And spared his Bro ; as good a fellow
‘ As e’er in company got mellow.
‘ He was no mortifying Priest,
‘ That preach’d up fasting, at a feast :
‘ Not before dinner such a fool
‘ To say long grace while dishes cool ;
‘ Nor after frown upon his Host
‘ For giving customary Toast :
‘ Nor from the party sneak away ;
‘ No, no ; he’d rather drink, than pray.
‘ Ne’er

‘ Ne’er should he meet with such another
 ‘ Arch-Priest, arch-Soaker, as his Brother.’
 So said ; his finger cross each eye
 He stroked ; and made believe to cry.*

The Country Squires,—I mean the few
 Who any thing like breeding knew,—
 On seeing this began to sob,
 And moan like Methodistic Mob
 Round a Field-Preacher : Others howl
 Like th’ Irish o’er funereal bowl ;
 Or Indians scalping White-Man’s skull.
 And not a few with shrugs, and jerks,
 Twang woeful wailings through their noses,
 Like hum-drum Quaker who *supposes*
 In him the holy spirit works :
 Or Sybils, whom the gods befriend
 In fearful wise, as they pretend,
 When all their bristles stand an end. †

’Twas pitiful to hear them vent
 Their sighs as back to TYRE they went :
 As for their tears, the road, ’tis said,
 Was almost wet with what they shed.
 Onward the mourners move as slow
 As their high-mettled steeds would go :

Until

* *Manuque simul veluti lacrymantia terfit lumina.* OVID.

† *Incomptæ mansere comæ.* VIRGIL.

Until PYGMALION's avarice, stronger
 Than was his grief, could wait no longer :
 He fain the Parson's cash would touch,
 Of which he oft had heard so much :
 So striking home his RIPON rowels
 Into the horse's very bowels,
 (For he who kill'd a man, of course
 Would have no pity on a horse,)
 Rode to SICHÆUS' house, to see
 DIDDO in her viduity.

But here, left wearied Readers want to
 Take breath awhile, we'll end this Canto.

CANTO THE SECOND.

ALTHOUGH the King th' Archbishop slew,
 'Twas done (To give the devil his due)
 Not for the sake of human blood,
 Which only Cannibals think good,
 But for the sake of gold, and other
 Treasures pertaining to his Brother ;
 Which made him hurry to his house
 Forthwith, the Relict Rib to chouse.

Dismounting at the door of Sister,
 Twice he embraced, and thrice he kist her :

Then

Then with dissembled tendernefs

Began the tale of dire diftrefs.

'DIDO!—(Then ftopp'd, and fhook his head:)

'DIDO!—alas! your Husband's dead.'

The Wife, now widow'd, at that found,

Did, as ſhe was in duty bound;

Started three paces back, and ſwoon'd.—

But, juſt took time before ſhe fell,

To give a loud, and piercing yell;

Which brought her Maidens in; who found her

Upon her back, as flat as flounder.

Such was the Damfels' care, they ſoon

Recover'd Madam from her ſwoon:

Who, when ſhe oped her eyes and ſaw

The King ſtill there, made them withdraw.

PYGMALION, glad to ſee her wake,

Moſt artfully his buſinefs brake.

'My Siſter ever dear, (ſays he)

'Dearer than eyes and limbs to me;

'Dearer than ev'n my precious health,—

'Or, what's more precious ſtill, my wealth:

'But apropos to wealth, I'm told,

'Such had ſo many lacks of gold,

'It was his whim to bury it;

'Which ſurely argued *lack* of wit.—

'What! bury Gold? No, no; 'tis beſt

'To put it out to Intereſt:

'Which

' Which I, dear D^r, will do for you ;
 ' And pay as soon as it is due :
 ' Or sooner should you be in want
 ' Of stays, or stockings ; or be scant
 ' Of shifts, or gowns, or petticoats.
 ' You, and your horse, shall ne'er want *groats*.
 ' Then dry those tears : and fetch your store
 ' Of Gold : I'll help you count it o'er.
 ' Of Silver if the lumps be great,
 ' And Copper, those I'll take by weight.
 ' As to the *Interest*, I'll allow
 ' Four-and-a-half *per cent* from now.'

" That's very brotherly, indeed ;
 " But, lack-a-day ! I stand in need
 " Of *Principal* : for none have I.
 " How should my poor, dear Man put by
 " A fortune, who was always giving,
 " And in his life ne'er fold, a Living ?
 " Whate'er his enemies might say,
 " Scores upon scores he gave away :
 " Beside what Poor he daily fed
 " With excellent potatoe bread ;
 " Ay, and cheese too ; and sometimes meat,
 " *Before* it grew too bad to eat.
 " Who ever saw us drunk as swine
 " With sacramental, parish wine ?
 " Black though our skins, I do defy
 " The Devil to say—without a lie—
 " Black was the white of Either's eye.

}
 " All,

“ All, and much more than what I’ve said,
 “ My Husband did without parade :
 “ Because he knew that what is given
 “ In charity, is lent to heaven.”

‘ But to return to what before
 ‘ I hinted at, produce your store
 ‘ Of every kind of precious ore.’ }

“ That I can quickly ; for, alas !
 “ Small are my stores ; the best but Brass :
 “ CORINTHIAN Saucepans I have two ;
 “ The better of them far from new ;
 “ Scarce fit for boiling in, or stew. }
 “ (’Tis the Cook’s fault ; they should have been
 “ New lined last Week with BRITISH tin.)
 “ I’ve a Stone Mortar : Iron Rack,
 “ And Spits : A BELGIC wooden Jack :
 “ Five Pewter Dishes on the Shelf :
 “ Two dozen Plates (some crack’d) of Delf :
 “ A SHEFFIELD Coffee-pot and Kettle :
 “ And Mustard Pot, and Spoons, of Metal :
 “ I’ve fix deal Chairs ; and Table Oaken :
 “ And matted Stool, with one leg broken :
 “ Which make, Your Kingship I assure,
 “ My total Kitchen Furniture.”

‘ O ! you’re a devilish cunning hand ;
 ‘ And do not choose to understand !
 ‘ Who cares about your furniture ;
 ‘ And pots, and pans ? Not I, I’m sure.

' I only want to see your stores
' Of precious metals, money ores ;
' Your Gold, and ————'

" Not a grain have I,"

' Oh ! Sister, what a monstrous *lie* !
' I know you've secret drawers within
' The cupboard where you keep your Gin,
' Top full of coins, and toys of Gold :
' And further, Dido, I've been told,
' You have a set of Diamond pins ;
' And strings of Pearls ; and Ermine Skins :
' And every fort of finery
' That with an Empress's might vie :
' And ill-befitting, let me say,
' A Parson's Wife : so trot away,
' And fetch them quickly.'

" Sir ! you have,
" Without the smallest provocation,
" Treated your Sister like a Slave."———

' Poh ! Do not be in such a passion.'

" Sir ! You have given me the *lie* :
" Which is such gross indignity,
" As Tyrian spirit cannot bear.
" See you this Hat pin ? Have a care :
" 'Tis long enough, though but a Pin,
" To perforate your carcase thin.

ALECTO

" ALECTO knows, 'twould serve you right,
 " To run you through with all my might !
 " No Man would let such insult pass :
 " But I'm a Woman."

' You're an Afs.

' What ! would you quarrel ?'

" Sir ! you are

" My King ; and so this time I spare
 " Your life : and sheathe this Hat Pin bare." *

' Oho ! are these your tricks ? I see
 ' Your drift, fierce Madam Tragedy :
 ' You think, perchance, to swagger me :
 ' But you're mistaken : 'twill not do :
 ' I'll have your gold in spite of you.
 ' I leave you now ; but, ere to morrow
 ' Close, (this I tell you to your sorrow,)
 ' I'll make a thorough rummage through
 ' Your house, and little-houses too ;—
 ' For there gold-finders, it is said,
 ' With sure success pursue their trade.
 ' So, Ma'am, your Servant.'

" Sir, *A-Dieu* —

(*Aside*) " *D'Enfer* I make my vows for you."

DIDO as soon as left alone
 Resolved on what was to be done ;

L 2

That

* " With a bare Bodkin" SHAKESP.

That very night to get on board
 A Bark, and carry off her hoard,
 To some new Country, where she might
 Make herself Queen, if all went right.

Calling her Lads forthwith about her ;
 And Lasses, too ; you need not doubt her :
 For, without These, as well as Those,
 Who is it colonizing goes ?
 She briefly open'd her intent :
 And promised, " They who with her went
 " Should have a freehold plot of ground ;
 " The fruitfulest that could be found ;
 " Live at their ease, and multiply
 " Till they were tired ; and then might die
 " As full of honors, as of years ;
 " Leaving their earnings to their Heirs ;
 " Who for their season would delight 'em ;
 " Then Theirs, and Theirs succeed *ad infinitum*."

Soon as her clapper ceased, the Crowd
 In *silent* acquiescence bow'd ;
 Save the Man-Cook, who, better dress'd,
 And more respected than the rest,
 'Cause of his culinary art,
 (For near the stomach lays the heart ;
 As they well know who give great Dinners
 To hungry Neighbours ;—saints or finners ;—
 In order that by game, and venison,
 They may entrap their votes, or benison.)

Thought

Thought himself able to reply
As well with grace, as dignity.

‘ Ma’am, we agree to all you’ve utter’d,
‘ Knowing by whom our bread is butter’d ;
‘ By you : that is, you pay for it ;
‘ And all that comes to pot, or spit :
‘ So, by this carving-knife, I’ll go,
‘ Whether these fellows will, or no.’
“ And we’ll go, too,” from one and all
Their mouths refounded through the Hall.

All things got ready, they embark
Themselves, and stores ; but not till dark,
Lest prying daylight should report
Their motions at PYGMALION’S Court.

From Tyrian shore they pull away,
All in high glee, for AFRICA :
Where, by their Leader they are told,
“ The Rivulets run liquid gold ;—
“ *Aurum potabile* ;—which they
“ Might take as cordial every day :
“ And when the wind from North-West blew
“ Gold dust about the country flew
“ So thick, in kerchiefs they might catch it :
“ There was a rock, too, whence with hatchet
“ They’d cut off ingots as they please ;
“ Or lop off boughs from golden trees :
“ The Trees of course shed golden leaves :
“ And there corn binds in golden sheaves.

“ Thence

" Thence JASON stole the golden fleece ;
 " And not, as falsely said, from GREECE.
 " 'Tis there that geese lay golden eggs : —
 " In short, you'll *fall upon your Legs*,
 " When you get there : so, prithee, handle
 " Stoutly your oars : come, pull away ;
 " 'Twill save us many a farthing candle,
 " If we get there by light of day."

With *gab* like this she cheer'd the Crew
 Whene'er they faint and weary grew.
 The Crew are pleased with all she says,
 And chorus her with loud huzzas.
 But, many a day, and many a night
 By LUNA's, or by lantern light
 They had to tug and toil, before
 Their wherries touch'd the wish'd *for* shore.

How many dangers they essay'd,
 The Women *funking*, Men afraid ;
 How oft becalm'd ; how oft in gale
 Heavy, they could not set a sail ;
 Out of the boats how oft they laded
 Water, and what the Crew *cascaded* ;
 The Muses are too delicate,
 Nor would have patience, to relate.
 Suffice it, that at last they landed,
 Or, which was much the same, were stranded
 Just where they wish'd, near UTICA,
 Colonized anciently, they say,

From

From TYRE: of course they hoped to find
 From Countrymen reception kind:
 They did so: for, DI's Herald waiting
 Upon IARBAS, and relating
 Her story artfully, the King
 Readily granted every thing:
 Not only land on which to build
 A Town; or, if you please, a Village;
 But gave Her also many a field,
 For pasture fit, or good for tillage.
 The Herald by his artifice
Procured these matters in a trice.
 He told the King, his Mistress, DIDO,
 Was worthy him to be allied to:
 That she was comely, straight, and tall;
 A Widow young; and rich withal.
 The circumstance of being rich
 Was the best part of all his speech,
 IARBAS thought; and made him proffer
 His hand; but she declined his offer:
 For, though by JOVE begot, IARBAS
 Had not such visage, or such barb as
 Would please a Widow: here and there
 Sprouted a solitary hair;
 Like grass through cow dung: and his fallow
 Cheeks had less red in them than yellow.
 Short was his nose: his lips were thin;
 And ebon black the teeth within;
 His stature so diminutive,
 'Tis strange that he should dare to wive:

For,

For, in cold weather surely he
 Would shrink to a nihility :
 Like GULLIVER at BROBDIGNAG,
 The joke of every female wag.

Although IARBAS' suit miscarried,
 The Widow long'd to be remarried :
 Wanted the comforts of a Spouse ;
 But, of a Man ; and not a mouse.
 Indeed, one night that she had taken
 Some *cherry-bounce* of her own making,
 To cure the colic, off her guard,
 And speaking loud, she was o'erheard
 Thus praying, almost word for word. }
 " Great, three times Great, Grand Pappy Jove !
 " Do'st thou not thy Descendant love ?
 " I've now been here above a year :
 " Yet Suitors none come Carthage near.
 " From TASCA'S Stream to TACAPE, }
 " No Prince has curiosity,
 " Or *spunk*, to pay his court to me. }
 " Thou hast neglected me too long :
 " Beshrew me, but you do me wrong.
 " Why let a loving Widow wait
 " So many moons without a Mate ?
 " Though Summer time, and hot the weather,
 " Two folk might bear to lay together.
 " In truth I never feel me warm,
 " Nor free from danger, or from harm,
 " Without

" Without a bedfellow : as you know
 " What sort of comfort you're to JUNO.
 " Not all my coverlids from TYRE
 " Warm me with such a pleasing fire,
 " Such comfortable glow, as Man,
 " Especially a young one, can.
 " Then send me soon, in pity send me
 " A Lover-Husband ere grief end me."

She spoke so low, and sobb'd so loud,
 JUPITER, who had then a crowd
 At Court, heard only half her pray'r ;
 The other half was lost in air.

Like froward babes who wail, and weep
 Till weary, DIDO fell asleep.
 Then Pappy JOVE sent HERMES to her,
 And promised her a lusty Woer :
 Such as he knew would please her: but,
 Of wedlock left her much in doubt ;
 And of what else might come to pass ;
 Which, though already wrote on brass,
 Was secret with the DESTINIES ;
 Goddesses much too good and wise,
 To let us curious Mortals know
 Our sum of happiness, or woe. †

M

DIDO

† *Tu ne quaesieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi
 Finem Di dederint.*

HOR.

DIDO was therefore forced to wait
 Till time disclosed the book of fate.
 Nor was it long before there came
 A Lover such as pleased the Dame:
 A Trojan Prince, and Widower;
 Who landed, and laid siege to her. —
 But, introduced this Prince should be
 With somewhat more formality.

End of Canto the Second.

* * My *Third* Canto opens with the Subject of *ENEAS*; which forms the *First* of SCARRON's and COTTON's "Traveltic:" to them therefore I refer the Reader, if too impatient to wait for my Sequel; which chiefly consists of COTTON's Work corrected.

November 1798.

SANCHO

SANCHO THE GREAT:

OR,

THE MOCK GOVERNOR.

A FARCI-COMEDY:

IN FIVE ACTS.

Ne Sutor ultra crepidam.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following FARCI-COMEDY was offered to One of the *Managers* of a LONDON Theatre. After keeping it a most unreasonable time, it was returned with this pithy answer; "That it was too long in *Five Acts*: but might, perhaps, be representable in *Three*." As I have rather too much genius—or, conceit—to submit readily to the capricious judgement of a mere *Stage Director*, (especially under so discouraging an answer,) I left the Piece in its primitive state: and I am much mistaken, if the Critic Reader will not allow that *Five Acts* make a better distribution of the matter, than could have been done in *Three*.

It is needless to say, that the Subject, Plot, and Characters, and even whole Speeches, are taken from DON QUIXOTE: the most superficial Reader will discover that: but, only the well-read in CERVANTES will be able to appreciate the Compiler's merits, or demerits; to mark precisely the extent of his obligations to SAAVEDRA; and to pronounce whether or not he has aptly shaded the outlines of his Original.

All I can add is, that there never was a more enthusiastic Admirer than I am of my Great Master: that I have studied him occasionally for five and thirty years: and that in this particular Drama I have worked *after* him not only with assiduity, but *con amore*.

There is, I believe, an Acting Farce on this same subject, under the title of "BARATARIA." But, I protest, I never saw a Scene of it, either in Print, or in Representation. Indeed, I was out of ENGLAND, and ignorant of the existence of any such Farce, at the time I wrote this.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

M E N.

SANCHO PANÇA. - *Mock Governor*
 CARRASCO. - - - *A Curate.* } *Of LA MANCHA.*
 NICHOLAS. - - - *A Barber.* }
 RETZIO. - - - *A Physician.* *Of BARATARIA.*
 A Secretary to the DUKE of CASTILE.
 A Gentleman Usher.
 JUSTO. } *Suitors at Law.*
 A ARO }
 AMICO } *Also Suitors at Law.*
 PERFIDO }
 BIZARRO. *A Page.*
 FANTASTICO. *A Footman.*
 Other Pages, and Footmen. (*Mutes.*)
 Alguazil. And other Officers of Justice. (*Mutes.*)
 Magistrates: and Mob. (*Mutes*)

W O M E N.

TERESA PANÇA. *Wife to SANCHO PANÇA.*
 SANCHICA. *Daughter to ditto.*

SCENE: in SPAIN. First Act; at LA MANCHA. —

The Rest; at BARATARIA.

TIME: From Morning till Evening.

SANCHO

S A N C H O

THE GREAT.

A FARCI-COMEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*TERESA, and SANCHICA, at their Cottage door, spinning.**Sanchica.*

AND, pray, Mother; has not DON QUIXOTE promised, that the very first Kingdom he wins, he will make my Father King and Governor of it?

Teresa. He has so, Child. And I hope he will keep his word: for, then shall I be a Queen, and you a Princess.

Sanchica. And we shall leave off spinning? sha'n't we, Mother?

Teresa. To be sure we shall. But let us not reckon our chickens before they are hatched. Your Father—whatever he may be hereafter—is at present only a poor Squire to a poor Knight-Errant. If a Kingdom should fall in his way, well and good: but, till it do, mind your spinning.

Sanchica.

Sanchica. Ay, that I will. Nay, I'll work harder than ever; in order to have my new robes ready, to appear at Court in.

Teresa. An' it were only for that, indeed, you might spare yourself the trouble; for, the best cloathes we could make, or even buy at LA MANCHA, would not be good enough for a Drawing Room.

Sanchica. You don't say so?

Teresa. Indeed but I do. I saw a little of high life when I was Abigail: and I pique myself upon knowing what dress is. We must appear in nothing but rich brocades, and tissues of gold and silver, cover'd over with lace, and spangled with pearls and diamonds.

Sanchica. And, pray, Mother, what shall we be called? for, I think we ought to have fine names, as well as fine cloathes. Your *Queenship* will hardly suffer yourself to be called "*Mistress* PANÇA;" or, "*Dame* TERESA." And I shall positively swoon, if they call me "*Miss* SANCHICA."

Teresa. I have settled all that, in my own mind: I intend to be called "THE MOST SUBLIME EMPRESS QUEEN TERESA:" and you "THE MAGNIFICENT INFANTA PRINCESS SANCHICHIANA."

Sanchica. Oh, charming! And, my Brother PANÇA? how will he be called?

Teresa. "His Loyal HIGHNESS; and THE HEIR Transparent."

Sanchica.

Sanchica. And how are we to get to our new Kingdom?

Teresa. In a cover'd Cart : or a Caravan : if we can borrow one the next time the *Wild Beasts* come about.

Sanchica. Or, could not we make our Public Entry, as PUNCH ALEXANDER did in our Neighbour's Barn, — in a *Triumphal Wheelbarrow*?

Teresa. Why, that, indeed, might suit your Father ; as I suppose he will have a hand in winning the Kingdom : but it would be too great an honor for us.

Sanchica. Nay : Father may very well make his Entry upon Dapple : and take "His *Loyal HIGHNESS*" up behind him.

Teresa. The worst come to the worst, we have a remedy in our own hands ; — I mean, in our feet ; we can walk.

Sanchica. But suppose it should rain hard ; and the Kingdom be far off ?

Teresa. You need not be so sanguine, Child. I believe we are far enough from the chance of any.

Sanchica. Hark ! — If that was not Dapple's bray, I don't know what an afs is.

Teresa. O my conscience, Child, I believe it was. Look up the Lane, and see if your Father is coming.

SANCHICA, going out, is met by SANCHE entering.

Teresa.

Teresa (*Throwing herself upon his neck.*) Mine own Husband! My SANCHE! My PANÇA! Thrice welcome, my dear, dear Husband! welcome, my SANCHE PANÇA!

Sancho. (*Struggling to get loose.*) Enough, enough, Wife. Welcome me, and welcome. But, odsbodikins! don't strangle me.

Sanchica. You don't take notice of me, Father.

Sancho. Indeed, but I do, Child. And I note what a strapping Hussy you are grown since I left LA MANCHA. But, where is PANÇA? my Boy PANÇA?

Teresa. At the Day-school, Lovey. And it will do your heart good to see what a fine fellow he is grown. He is just such another as his Dad.

Sancho. If that means *me*, he must be a very fine fellow, indeed. SANCHICA! go you into the Stable: and look after Dapple. And, hearkee; curry him well down: and give him a double feed: for, I must be off again presently.

Sanchica. (*Soliloquising.*) "Go into the Stable! and curry down Dapple!"—Is that an employ befitting a Princess's hands? I, who was in expectation of a gilded Car, to carry me to gilded Palaces!—Is it all come to this? To be sent into the Stable, to curry down Dapple!!

Sancho. Why does the Girl loiter so? I tell you I am in haste.

Exit SANCHICA.

N

Teresa.

Teresa. You'll not depart again to-day, my Hubby?

Sancho. Indeed, I will, Wifey.

Teresa. What, To-day?—this very day?—Before Night?

Sancho. To-day:—this very Day:—and before Dinner.

Teresa. And is it thus you return into the bosom of your family, after an absence of six long moons? Not spend one day with a loving Wife? 'tis hard; 'tis very hard: in sooth it is.

Sancho. Ifaith! TERESA; if I were at my own disposal, you should have your full share of me. But, the truth is, I am in the service of a noble Duke;—or, rather, of his Dutches: for it is she that has noticed me so much, and been at last the making of me.

Teresa. So; so: MR. false-hearted SANCHE: you have Dutcheses under your girdle? I have been all along afraid what sort of Adventures you would meet with. And have always suspected what sort of conquests you would make, with that goodly person of yours, and round, cherubic face. But, don't you know, Sir, that you are my property, every inch of you? and that you have no right to go a-wooing Dutcheses, or Damsels?

Sancho. By my chastity, TERESA, you do mistake me widely. Favors, it is true, have been conferred upon me; but, unsought, and unsolicited on my part.

Teresa.

Teresa. (*sobbing*) Ah! poor TERESA! it is all over with thee! thy harvest moon is set. SANCHO is disloyal. And thou may'st go, a poor, forsaken Wife, and throw thyself into the Duck Pond!

Sancho. That, indeed you may safely do: for you know it is not deep enough to drown a Cat. When you grow really desperate, TERESA, commit your carcase to the Mill-Stream; and, to make sure work, even tie the Mill-Stone round your neck.

Teresa. (*In a passion.*) Barbarous, and inhuman Monster! Is it not enough to play me false? Must you insult me, too?

Sancho. Go to, you passionate, and jealous-pated fool! The favors I would boast of from a Dutchess are those of a discreet, and honorable Lady Patroness. And not such as make *horns* sprout. I wish you could say as much of all the favors you have bestowed in my absence.

Teresa. That I can say, a thousand times over; and swear to it every time.

Sancho. Else wert thou no Woman. And as I cannot gainsay it; and it is moreover my interest to believe thee, TERESA,—why, I will: so, come; let us kiss and be friends.—And now go search the Cellar: and see if thou canst find some wine of the vintage before last.

Teresa. That I am sure I can. I have a whole Skinfull left.

Sancho. Then, by the Lord Harry, I will have mine full, too. So bring us out a pitcher of it quickly.

Teresa. Had not you better, Lovey, come in and drink it? You may take cold in the open air.

Sancho. Fear not for a hardy Squire. I love to be in the open air.—“*Sub dio Jove* : ” as DON QUIXOTE calls it. And JOVE knows how many hours, and days, ay, and nights, too, we have passed in it.

Teresa. But I have some nice tid bits in the house, SANCHO : such as you used to be very fond of.

Sancho. And what are they ?

Teresa. Some dried Cow Heels : and part of a keg of salt fish.

Sancho. No bad things, if I could stay to eat of them : but at present I have other fish to fry : so fetch the wine, I say.

Exit TERESA.

(SANCHO, after much strutting about the Stage, and practising airs of stateliness, addresses himself.)

SANCHO !—Your Honor SANCHO, Vice-King, and Lord, and Governor of BARATARIA ; how fares it with you? How does this Kingdom set upon your shoulders?

Yesterday, SANCHO, thou wast but a poor Peasant, or, (which is little better,) a very poor Squire ; and yet it was remarked of thee, in the Duke's Kitchen, with what dignity thou filledst an arm-chair. What then will be
said

said of thee to-day when thou shalt be seated on thy Throne?

(Seats himself in one of the Chairs: with his arms a-kimbo.

Methinks now—but, first away, Plebeian implement! —*(Kicking away the Spinning Wheel.)*—Methinks now I am at my Palace at BARATARIA; sitting under a Canopy of State:—Ambassadors on my right hand; and Nobles on my left.

Well! it is a fine thing to be Governor of an Island! —Not that I know what an Island is: but, the Duke says it means another New-World; where there are mountains of gold; and rivers of wine, in which swim mother-of-pearl Fish, that spawn upon silver sand.

(Musing.)

It is very strange that, so often as I have been at BARATARIA, I should never have seen this. Perhaps it is only so in the Duke's fine Gardens; which now, by his munificence, are mine. His Palace, if I remember it aright, is only built of Marble; but I will set my Slaves to work to erect me one of gold. My Streets shall be paved with copper; and my Horses' silver shoes tacked on with Diamond studs. My Pages shall be clad in burnished Gold; and my Maids of Honor arrayed in robes of virgin silver.

(Enter TERESA with a Jug.

SANCHO, *taking no notice of her, goes on.*)

But, apropos to Maids of Honor; wilt thou not, fallacious

cious SANCHO, have half a score of devilish handsome Ones, to solace thee withal? or, wilt thou mortify thy flesh, and stick to old TERESA?

Teresa. What says my Lord?

Sancho. "My-Lord!"—foregad, you've hit it. But, why, My Queen, take you yourself this trouble? Where is our proper Cup-bearer? (*Drinks.*)

Teresa. What! the wooden trencher, which we were used to put our bread upon? Our little PANÇA has found other use for it; he has nailed it to a tree, for a target to shoot at.

Sancho. (*Relapsing into soliloquy.*) Guards will I have for ever in my presence, in order to protect my sacred person:—but, I'll be my own *Beef-Eater*. I will have a legion of Cooks:—but, Tasters none: my own palate shall perform its office. Nor do I think there is, in all SPAIN, no, nor in all BARATARIA, any one that can tell better when an *Olla Podrida* has its right seasoning.

Teresa. How wild you look, my SANCHO! and you do talk most strangely!

Sancho. And well I may, TERESA: for I have strange news to tell you.

Teresa. Pray heaven, it prove not ill: for we have enough of that at home already.

Sancho. Then will my good be the more welcome. I'll mend my draught, and tell it you. (*Drinks,*)

Teresa. Now for it, Hubby; I am all impatience.

Sancho.

Sancho. First answer me one question. Have not thy dreams of late been more than ordinary pleasant?

Teresa. Insooth I never dream.

Sancho. Then is good fortune come to thee without thy dreaming of it. One other draught; and then. (*Drinks.*) Excellent tippie, by my Sceptre. May no worse wine be made in all our Kingdom!

Teresa. How big your words are, Deary! Have you and the renowned DON QUIXOTE at last slain the Giant? and has QUEEN COMICONA been true to her word, and given each of you a Kingdom?

Sancho. Not to that august and amiable Princess MICOMICONA owe I my Elevation; but to a right worthy Dutcheß;—or, rather, (not to make you jealous,) to her right worthy Husband, the puissant Duke of CASTILE. 'Tis he has made me Vice-roy, Duke, and Governor of BARATARIA.

Teresa. What! of that BARATARIA, that goodly Market Town just three miles off?

Sancho. "That Market Town," indeed! O, thou art a pretty *Jogglefist**—(As his Grace's Butler said to me,) not to know, that BARATARIA is an Island: a monstrous huge, straggling, compact, triangular, four-cornered, mountainous Plane; joined to a neck of the Continent by one arm, and two legs, of the Sea.

Teresa. Why, that alters the Case, indeed. For my part,

* For "*Jogglefist*," read "*Geographist*."

part, I know no more of it than the High Street, and the Market Place.

Sancho. Nor do I myself remember much of it: but they tell me it is a hundred times bigger than it was last year; owing to an Earthquake that has swallowed down SICILY, and vomited it up again at BARATARIA. But I shall know more in half an hour: for, by that time, if DAPPLE fail me not, I'll take possession.

Teresa. And when are We, the rest of the family, to follow you? and how?

Sancho. In the afternoon: I'll send my Royal Yacht for you.

Teresa. No Yacht for me, I pray your Majesty. If it be a Water Party, I shall grow sick of it, as sure as I set off.

Sancho. Well, well; I'll make that easy to you. I'll send my State Coach on board the Yacht: and then you may embark in which you please.

Teresa. That will do charmingly.

Sancho. But the Morning wears; and my Jug is out: so I'll be off. (*Bawling out.*) What, ho! SANCHICA! Pannel my Afs. Thou shalt have better office presently.

Teresa. (*Looking at him with great earnestness, and simplicity.*) But, tell me, now, my Hubby; and tell me truly. Is not this promised Grandeur all a flam? For you have

have so often promised me a Kingdom, and still left me to my Cottage, that verily I know not what to think of it.

Sancho. Why, that is even as thou pleasest. There is no cudgelling grandeur into that vulgar pate of thine, if thou beest obstinately set against it.

Teresa. Nay; Heaven knows how willing I am to believe you.

Sancho. Not thou, indeed. Thou art a poor, low, groveling Muckworm; without a spark of spirit, or ambition in thee. Thou wast born in a Poor-House; and will die upon a Dunghill.

Teresa. Now you do wrong me grossly, *SANCHO*. For I vow and swear, as I am a Woman, I am ambitious.

Sancho. For thy oath's sake, I will believe thee. So fare thee well till afternoon.

(*Going : returns.*)

Hold! there is one lesson, *TERESA*, I would give you. You must not, when first you come into my presence, run up, and throw your arms about my neck; and hug, and kiss me; as you are wont to do. 'Twill not look well before our Nobles.

Teresa. I never shall be able to refrain.

Sancho. But, by my dignity, you must. Nothing is so vulgar in a Wife, as to let the world see she loves her Husband. I will not not speak of *SPAIN* only; and much

©

less

less of DEGENERATE FRANCE: but even in GREAT BRITAIN, where something like morality is still upheld, although the *Highest* Couple there, are also the most affectionate, they have not yet been able to bring conjugal affection into vogue.

Teresa. The more shame for those who do not follow so worthy an example.

Sancho (*Going: returns.*) There is yet one other caution. When you address your speech to me, you must not interlard it with such familiar words, as "Husband," "Hub," or "Hubby."

Teresa. Why, what then must I say?

Sancho. "Your Excellencyship;"—Vice-Roy;"—or "Vice-Ducality."

Teresa. Plaguy hard names those; and very formal.

Sancho. No matter. 'Tis Court *Ticket*: * and must be observed.

Teresa. 'Tis well, and please your Excellencyship; I shall endeavour to conform in all things unto your Vice-Royship's Ducality.

Sancho. Most admirably said, my Queen. And so, adieu.

(*Going: They make some ridiculous struggles of ceremony: She offering to accompany him, and He not permitting it.*)

By

* *Etiquette.*

By no means, Madam: no ceremony I do beseech you.

Teresa. Allow me, Sir, to see you to the Stable.

Sancho. On no account: my Groom's in waiting. What, ho! SANCHICA!—I pray you, stir not.

Teresa. By my fackins, but I will. And now I've sworn to it.

Sancho. (*Surlily.*) O, Lud! O, Lud!—"What is bred in the bone, will never out of the flesh."—"There is no making a silk purse of a Sow's ear."

Teresa. I'll Sow's ear you, Sirrah, if I can but get hold of yours.

Exeunt, wrangling.

Enter CARRASCO, and NICHOLAS, at the opposite side of the Stage.

Car. Let us stop, Master NICHOLAS, and acquaint the good Woman with the news we have, of her Husband's being well, and in good keeping, at the Duke's.

Nich. By all means. (*Bawls.*) Holla! Mistress PANÇA!—Why, Dame! I say.—TERESA!—SANCHICA! What! nobody at home?

Car. No living body that is sure; Your Stentorian holla would have roused any one on this side of the grave.

Nich. Do not let us talk of the other, good Mr.

Curate CARRASCO. Remember, it is not Sunday : and we are not now at Church.

Car. To be convinced of that, I have only to recollect in whose company I am. For, to your shame be it spoken, you have not been twice at Church since I settled at LA MANCHA.

Nich. Neither the sin, nor the shame of which ought to lay at my door. If a Barber's *be* the Devil's trade of a Sunday, it is our Customers that make it so. I wish you would tell them, from the Pulpit, that there is no occasion for them to have their heads so frizzled and powder'd. and then it would be my own fault if I did not more frequently make one of your congregation.

Car. Your excuse is plausible ; and I hope it is the true one. But,——what have we here ? (*Picking up a Paper that had dropped out of Sancho's pocket.*)

“ Instructions for His Excellency The Governor SANCHE PANÇA.”

Nich. ‘ Excellency SANCHE PANÇA ! ’ That is excellent, ifaith !

Car. In the hand writing, too, of DON QUIXOTE. I guess what it means. They are Instructions drawn up in readines for SANCHE, against that fortunate day when the Don's puissant arm shall win a Kingdom for him.

Nich. Ay ; like enough. Poor, crazy Don !

Car. 'Tis grievous that so good a Gentleman, and
one

one of so excellent an understanding, should be at times deranged. "Win a Kingdom!"—and make SANCHO Governor of it!"—What two extravagant Ideas!

Nich. Pray, Mr. Curate; you being a profound Scholar, do resolve me, why it is, that *wise* men only—and never *fools*—run mad.

Car. It is strange now that a man of your shrewdness should not discern the ground of such a popular opinion.

Nich. In troth I do not.

Car. It is, That men of little sense are little noticed. Whatever extravagant actions they commit, scarcely are they attended to: but when a man of genius swerves ever so little from the right path, the whole world of block-heads, out of mere envy and malignancy, affect to wonder at it: and the veriest driveller amongst them, in order to depreciate the man of talents, is the first to cry out, 'The fellow must be mad.'

Nich. That sounds well. But, pray, Mr. Curate, is there no other, no physical reason for it?

Car. That you, being a Surgeon, as well as a Barber, ought to resolve yourself.

Nich. But I am sure I cannot.

Car. Then I will guess at it. May not the continued and intense application, to which studious persons too often subject themselves, wear out the fibres pertaining to the brain?—or, even break them?—as, continued
friction

friction weakens the string of a bow; or too strong tension cracks that of a musical instrument?—

Nich. And therefore such men are called "*crack-brained*." This reason satisfies. I ask no further.

Car. Now, then, to the Paper.

Nich. Ay, ay; let us hear what that says.

Car. (*Reads.*) "Instructions for his Excellency GOVERNOR SANCHE."

Nich. A very pretty kind of Governor, truly!

Car. Silence, NICHOLAS. If you wish to *hear*, remember that your tongue is not the proper organ for the purpose.

Nich. I have done, Sir.—But, I *must* begin again, just to observe, that it is very hard to stop a Barber from talking.

Car. So I find.

Nich. Now I have quite done, Sir. My tongue is at rest. I am all ears.

Car. (*Reads.*) "*First, my Son, fear GOD: for to fear him is wisdom. And being wise, you cannot err.*"

Nich. Poh, poh! This is a Sermon: put it in your pocket.

Car. I wish you would put a stop to that clack of yours.

Nich.

Nich. Done, Sir ; done. Silent as a Windmill in a Calm : or a Water-mill in drougthy weather.

Car. I shall lose patience presently.

Nich. If that be a sermon, I wish I may find it.

Car. (*Angrily*), I with you would not be troublesome.

Nich. Mum ! (*Putting his finger on his lips.*)

Car. (*Reads on.*) “ *Respect the Clergy : protect the People in their Rights ; and the Nobles in their Privileges. Encourage Artists ; and reward Men of Science.** This, *SANCHO*, is a compendium of good Government : a summary of all you have to do. I will discourse to you more at large when I am more at ease. At present I can hardly see to write ; so much have my eyes suffered in a dreadful encounter I had last night with an enchanter under the guise of a *Black Cat*.

Yours,

QUIXOTE.”

Nich. “ With an *Enchanter* under the guise of a *Black Cat* ! ” That finishing sentence sufficiently indicates the Writer. He needed not to sign his name to it.

Car. That conclusion does, indeed, disgrace the rest : which else were worthy of the most profound Politician, and best of Christians.

Nich.

* *DON QUIXOTE*'s admirable “ Instructions ” at full length in *BOOK IV, CHAPTERS 10 and 11*, ought to be read over at least once a year by every private Gentleman in the Kingdom ; and much oftner by every Man who sets up for a “ Magistrate.”

Nich. Oh !—Here comes TERESA.

Enter TERESA.

Car. Good morning to you, Dame TERESA.

Nich. Good day, Neighbour PANÇA.

Ter. Good morning to you, Mr. Curate CARRASCO.
And a good day to you, Neighbour NICHOLAS.

Nich. (*Afide.*) How very precise Goody is to-day.

Car. Master NICHOLAS and I are going to BARATARIA ; and just stopped to inform you, that we heard yesterday of SANCHEO being well, and in good Quarters at the Duke's.

Ter. I am obliged to you for the trouble you have taken : but I myself had before heard of his *Excellencyship* being well. Indeed I have but just parted from his Imperial *Vice-Royaltyship*.

Nich. There is no "Vice-Royaltyship." (as you call it,) in the case, good Woman. We are talking of your Husband, the Peasant SANCHEO.

Ter. 'Husband!' and 'Peasant!' quotha! Fie, fie ; Master Nicholas. What low, and familiar words! I beg you will make use of more dignified and courtly phrase when next you speak of that high Personage, SANCHEO THE GREAT.

Nich. Heyday! What is this Woman *crack-brained*, too? Take out your Almanac, good Mr. Curate ; and see whether the Moon be at full to-day.

Car.

Car. Take out your lancet, good Barber-Surgeon ; and open a vein. Somebody has been reading this Paper to the poor Creature ; and she is gone mad upon the strength of it.

Ter. (*Who had been walking about with much stateliness; and practising the airs of a fine Lady.*) I think, Gentlemen, you said you were going to BARATARIA.

Car. We are so.

Ter. You will be heartily welcomed ; I dare say.

Nich. And I dare say the same : for we have money enough to pay our reckoning.

Ter. I mean, you will be welcome, as old acquaintance of the GOVERNOR'S.—

Car. I do not understand you. The Duke is Governor of the whole Province; and consequently of that Town: But, BARATARIA has no particular, and separate Governor.

Ter. If you know better than the Governor's Lady, indeed, well and good. But I say, HIS GRACE has made a present, not only of the Town, but of the whole *Island* of BARATARIA, to His Excellencyship the Vice-Duke and Governor, SANCHO THE GREAT.

Nich. Mad as a March-Hare !

Car. In the name of common sense, Goody, what are you talking about ? BARATARIA an *Island* !

Ter. To be sure it is.

P

Car.

Car. What, that little Market Town, a league off; where I have preached so many sermons?

Nich. And I have shaved so many chins. BARATARIA an *Island*! That's good, ifaith. Ha, ha, ha—ha, ha, ha!

Car. Very good, indeed! BAR—BARA—I can not speak, for laughing;—Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! I pity the poor Creature: and yet her conversation is so truly ridiculous I can not refrain from laughing.

(They both laugh very heartily.)

Ter. You are pleased to be merry: but I must tell you, you are a couple of very impertinent, ignorant, fellows. If you were good *Jugglefishs*, you could not fail to know, that BARATARIA is a great, little, straggling, compact, four-cornered, triangular, mountainous Plane. O! I'm ashamed of your ignorance: *parfaily* ashamed of you both.

Exit TERESA scornfully.

Car. Laughing apart; what are we to think of all this?

Nich. For my part, I begin to believe in Sorcery: and imagine that the same wicked Enchanter who tormented DON QUIXOTE under the guise of a Black Cat, has been playing the devil with Dame TERESA, under some shape or other.

Car. Then possibly the same Enchanter has changed the Town of BARATARIA into that new mathematical figure,

figure, which Dame TERESA talks of; *videlicet*, a great, little, straggling, compact, four-cornered, triangular, mountainous plane.

Nich. O, she's an excellent "*Jogglefist*;" so we'll jog on.

Exeunt, laughing.

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Duke's Palace at BARATARIA.

REZIO, and THE DUKE'S SECRETARY.

Secretary.

AND, pray, Doctor, what do the Townsfolk think of their New Governor, SANCHO?

Rez. They seem to think of him, and look on him, at present, as the Frogs did at first upon King Log; with wonderment and awe: but, I dare say, that in the course of a few hours, the old frogs will be *croaking* at him; and the young ones leaping on his back.

Sec. But that we must endeavour to prevent. For, the amusement which His Grace promises himself in this farce, is, not by letting the People play at leap-frog with the Governor, but by their treating him with the most profound, and extravagant respect.

Rez. That will be no easy matter, ifaith, Mr. Secretary. For, in my life I never beheld so truly risible a Personage.

Sec. 'Tis true, his figure is enough to provoke laughter from almost any body: but do let us, if possible, refrain from it. I have already given you the outlines of his character,—"Gluttony; and Cowardice." the latter, I am to work upon, being his Privy Counsellor: and you will vex him as much as you can on the score of the former.

Rex. Good! I have my cue. And as I am not to act out of my Profession, I hope to satisfy the Duke with my performance. But, apropos to the Duke, does not he intend to be present at the Farce which he has been at so much pains in preparing?

Sec. I rather think, not: as DON QUIXOTE is still at the Castle, and likely to afford him great amusement.

Rex. Full enough, I should have thought, without putting BARATARIA in an uproar, to furnish more,

Sec. So I should have thought: but it was not for me to dispute His Grace's *Whim*. Especially as I had so lately incurred his displeasure by remonstrating against the prank of the 'Wooden Horse.'

Rex. Do prithee explain that business: for we here had but an imperfect account of it.

Sec. You have heard enough of DON QUIXOTE, to know that he is the most intrepid Knight Errant that ever was out of his senses?

Rex. I have heard as much.

Sec.

Sec. And that he believes in Sorcery?

Rex. So I understand.

Sec. You must know, then, that a Duenna of the Dutchess's, personating a Matron Queen, threw herself into the Don's way; and feigning a tale of woe, set off with all the rhapsodical nonsense of the most extravagant romance, She so won upon the Knight, that he vowed himself unto her service.

Rex. What! Did he so far forget his DULCINEA, as to fall in love with this supposititious Queen?

Sec. No, no: his generous nature was only touched with pity; not with love. In the true spirit of chivalry, he promised to redress her wrongs, even at the hazard of his life. And hazardous enough, indeed, was the enterprise: for, in order to meet with, and combat the malign Enchanter, Her Hero was to take a journey of five thousand leagues,—not by land,—nor by water; but—through the air.

Rex. And how the devil was this journey to be performed?

Sec. On horseback.

Rex. It must have been on a flying one, then; a Pegasus.

Sec. Just so. A friendly Magician had engaged to furnish a very safe-winged Horse, the moment any Champion should be found hardy enough to undertake so perilous a journey.

Rex.

Rex. It did require some hardihood, in sooth.

Sec. The more so because our Hero was to travel blindfold.

Rex. And did the Don consent to that?

Sec. Most readily.—On this condition; that the bandage to be put over his eyes, should be no other than the Queen's white Handkerchief, and bound on by her own white hands.

Rex. Courage and gallantry always go together.

Sec. During the ceremony of blinding *QUIXOTE*, which was done with great form, and purposely protracted, a Wooden Horse, (in readiness for the occasion,) was conveyed to the spot where our Hero stood.

Rex. Since I first read of the taking of *TRAY*, I never hear of a Wooden Horse without suspecting mischief.

Sec. As soon as the Knight was lifted into the Saddle, a light was put to the prepared flaxen fetlocks of his Bucephalus: which, communicating with fire works within, put the whole machine in motion: to the great amusement of the By-Standers.—

Rex. And the terror of the Rider.

Sec. Not in the least. The *DON*, undismayed, commended himself alternately to *GOD*, and his Mistress; and——(as he thought)——rode on.

Rex. Without discovering so palpable a cheat? How heated must this poor Gentleman's brain be!

Sec.

Sec. Ay ; and his whole body, too. For, the Engineer, in charging the beast, had put rather too many crackers in the croup, which went off with a terrible explosion, and blew the Rider into the air.

Rex. Mercy on us ! It is well you did not kill the DON.

Sec. With all respect for the Duke, I must again say, it was carrying the joke much too far. The DON was taken up speechless ; and not a little bruised ; but, happily, no bones were broken.

Rex. I tell you what, Mr. Secretary : if this Vagary now playing off upon SANCHE PANÇA, is intended to be carried to such a serious length, I declare off. I will not be instrumental in the breaking of bones, in order to have the credit of setting them again.

Sec. Fear not, Doctor : you may proceed without scruples of conscience : nothing more is intended by this Freak, than a little harmless mirth.

Rex. Then will I lend a willing hand. For, by my professional gravity I swear, no one loves innocent mirth better than I do.

Sec. But tell me, Doctor ; how is the appointment of a " Vice-Governor " relished by the Inhabitants ? Have you felt the pulse of the People ?

Rex. Why ! to continue your metaphor, I have ; and by my art I can discover, in the Lower Classes, strong symptoms of joy : for, besides the fickleness of the multitude,

titude, who, from having no fixed principles, are ever prone to change, there are many who think their proper Governor is too *distant* from them? and they flatter themselves with having more ready access to a Deputy resident among them.

Sec. They look upon the appointment, then, as real?

Rex. The Mob do. But, the better kind of people, reasoning upon the improbability of having *such* a Deputy, took it as it was meant; and, humouring the joke, went forth in gala dress, and with much mock ceremony, to meet their new Mock Governor; whom the Populace welcomed with loud shouting, accompanied with the ravishing harmony of Marrow-bones and cleavers, salt-boxes, and sow-gelders' horns.

Sec. And how did the Vice-Duke comport himself?—Grinning, I warrant, from ear to ear.

Rex. Quite the reverse, I do assure you. *SANCHO* was as solemn as the Ass he rode on.

Sec. What! rode he upon Dapple? I sent His Grace's Phaeton and Six; on purpose to exhibit him.

Rex. And there it was; following in procession. But no entreaties could prevail upon him to quit his Ass. "Dapple!—my dear Dapple! (says He,)—" My fellow sufferer in adverse days; thou shalt be honoured now; and taste of my prosperity."

Sec. Liberally reasoned; and with pathos. Indeed, I have had occasion to observe, the Fellow does not want sense.

sense. There is nothing to find fault with in him but 'Gluttony, and Cowardice : ' and those we cannot fail to turn to our laughter, and his disgrace ; but, pray, proceed.

Rez. Well. On he rode ; bowing to the right and left : and ever and anon kissing his dirty hands to the fair Dames who from their windows pelted him with nosegays.

Sec. And where left you the procession ?

Rez. Halting in the Market Place : where SANCHO was haranguing the Populace to their heart's content : for, He assured them, " that during his Government the " Taxes should be few ; and eatables in plenty : — " that the old Gibbets should be taken down, and no " new ones erected : that the Inquisition should be " abolished ; and the Pope should not dare to send his " Subjects to the Devil, for eating meat on a meagre " day."

Sec. How did the Clergy seem to relish this ?

Rez. All very well ; I think : for though some knit their brows, and others pretended to turn a deaf ear, there was not one of them but went away licking his lips.

(*A shouting without. — "Huzza ! — huzza ! — "Long live SANCHO THE GREAT ! "*)

Sec. Hark ! The Governor is at hand. Are the Yeomen of the Guards, and the Pages, all in waiting ?

Q

Rez.

Rex. Yes, yes; I took care to see them marshalled long since.

Enter SANCHO, preceded by a GENTLEMAN USHER; followed in by the Mayor and Aldermen; to whom he turns round; and speaks.

Sancho. Now, then, most grave, and sober looking Gents, ycleped 'The Mayor and Aldermen,' as I am arrived at my Palace, and got safely up stairs, I beg of you all to go down. In other words, having no further occasion for you at present, I do beseech you to return to your respective homes.

(The Mayor is going to speak.)

Nay; no more speechifying now. If any one of you has ever been at the Dancing School, let *him* bow for the rest: and all depart.

Exeunt MAYOR and ALDERMEN.

And now a word with you, Sir, who have had the impudence to walk into the room before me, because you have a fine laced Coat on, forsooth, and are so bepowdered; what may be your business?

Gent. Ush. I am, may it please your Excellencyship, your Excellentissimo's "Gentleman-Usher."

Sancho. 'Gentleman-Usher!' Well: if you approve yourself a *Gentleman*, I probably may entertain you: but as to your *Usher-ship*——look you at this beard of mine.——Think you not, it is too old to stand in need of a Master?——unless, indeed, it be a Master Barber.

Turning

(Turning to REZIO.)

And you, Sir, in formidable Perriwig,—what department would you please to fill?

Rez. I.—Most illustrious Lord, Vice-Duke and Governor,—I am Physician, Surgeon, and Apothecary at your service; and Man-Midwife at your Lady's.

Sancho. Then is your place a sinecure; for I never take physic; and Lady PANGA has left off breeding.

Rez. Nevertheless, my Lord, you cannot dispense with my attendance.

Sancho. That is strange.

Rez. Nothing so consonant to reason. In other Kingdoms the Doctors are content to cure distempers;—

Sancho. And what the devil can you do more?

Rez. Prevent them.

Sancho. Why, that I must confess is the very perfection of art. You shall prescribe for me, good Doctor.

Rez. In two words, my Lord; “Be temperate.”

Sancho. Hey! “Temperate?” That is a word I never rightly understood. What does it mean? I suppose, one may eat and drink one's belly full; and sleep a dozen hours on a stretch?

Rez. Not half of them; if you would live half your days in health and strength.

Sancho. Go to; you are no Doctor for me. I will live

Q 2

after

after our LA MANCHA Proverb; "A short life, and a merry one."

Rez. Pardon me, my Lord; though you might live up to that vulgar Proverb, when you were a mere Peasant at LA MANCHA, the Laws of BARATARIA will lay you under stricter regimen. The Constitution of our State adverts even to the constitution of the Governor: And as he is considered only as the Public's property, he must be kept always in fit condition to do the public Service.

Sancho. And if I be not well kept, I shall be fit for no service at all, I tell you that, Master Doctor.

Rez. You can not tell, Sir, until you have been a few months upon regimen: which I shall put you upon directly. You must *eat little, drink less, and scarcely sleep at all.*

Sancho. And if I choofe to do the reverse of all this, who shall hinder me?

Rez. I, my Lord:—with humble submission be it said: I am appointed to watch over your Vice-Excellency's health; to attend on you at meals; and see what sort of viands are set before you, and shall take the liberty to send away whatever I may deem unwholesome: In short, to prevent surfeits, I shall restrict you to a single dish; and only allow you to eat of that very, very sparingly, indeed. By my art I think you look already feverish and bloated: do give me leave to feel your Honor's pulse.

Sancho. Stand off, or you shall feel the weight of my Honor's

Honor's fist: thou murderous Apothecary! what, would you starve your Governor?

Rez. I should be sorry my liege Lord, and Governor, to feel the weight of your displeasure,——

Sancho. Yes; it's a pretty heavy one. (*Shaking his fist at him.*)

Rez. But I must do my duty: and trust that you will conform unto the customs and manners of the Island.

Sancho. Not I indeed. I will conform to no such Outlandish, Islandish customs. "Eat little, drink less, and scarcely sleep at all!" By my authority, I'll change your manners.

Rez. Then you must change your station. If you alter but an iota, a tittle of our laws and customs, it will cost you your kingdom, Sir.

Sancho. And, Sir, if you don't cease your insolence it will cost you a drubbing. Body o'me!

Rez. (*Aside.*) No small oath that.

Sancho. Am I to be ever pestered with the impertinence of such a prating, perriwig-pated Pill-monger as this is? Fellow! make yourself scarce.—Withdraw.

Rez. I will, my Lord, until your meal time call for my attendance.

Exit REZIO.

Sancho. (*Turning to the SECRETARY.*) And now to you,

you, Sir : may I be so bold as to ask, who, and what you are ?

Sec. As " Counsellor and Secretary " I served the Duke, your Predecessor ; and, if it please your *Excellentissimo, Honorabilissimo, Vice-Ducalissimo* Governorship, I should be proud to serve you in the same capacity.

Sancho. (*Afide.*) A fine-spoken civil fellow this. I'll hire him straight. (*Turning to the GENTLEMAN-USHER.*) Harkee ! you Mr. Gentleman, usher yourself into the next room. We would be private.

Exit GENTLEMAN-USHER.

I do remember well your visage at the Castle ; and therefore take you into my service. I thought you had been the Duke's *Valet de sham* only : but you say, you were his Secretary ?

Sec. Even so, my Lord.

Sancho. I suppose, then, you can read and write ?—

Sec. And cast accounts.

Sancho. Very convenient, ifaith ! For I can do none of these.

Sec. Nor is it necessary in Persons of your exalted Rank. We Underlings were sent into the world on purpose to serve the Great, and save them the drudgery of Business. You, noble Sir, have but to express your wishes, and leave the rest to me. For instance, now ; if you should covet wide Dominion, I would lay claim for
you

you to all the Countries lying between the Arctic and Antarctic Circles. It is but dressing up a lying Manifesto; and swearing to the truth of it.

Sancho. About it instantly; if Swearing will do, I am a march for any one.

Sec. And if you were ambitious of yet more, I could, with like facility, -- (it would cost only a few drops of Ink more,) -- extend your claim as far as either Pole.

Sancho. Do so; do so: my good Prime-Minister.

Sec. There is but one kind of obstruction that we can meet with.

Sancho. And what is that?

Sec. There are certain Landholders in the way who might dispute your right; and that would bring on Wars and Bloodshed; — may it please your Excellency.

Sancho. Indeed it would not please my Excellency. I would rather live a peaceable Cöbler in any corner of this Island; than be its King to fight its battles.

Sec. That is a pity. For never had BARATARIA, since it was an Island, so much need of a valorous Vice-roy. We are now surrounded by innumerable Enemies, — Turks, and Tartars; — Russians, and Prussians; — Greenlanders, and Finlanders; — Transylvanians, and Pensylvanians; and twenty other nations.

Sancho. A plague upon 'em all with their hard names, and their *botherations*!

Sec.

Sec. Ay; I wish they don't *bother* us; and very soon too: for one of our Whale Fishers which was out all night, bobbing for periwinkles, sailed through a strange Fleet making for our Harbour; with the bloody Flag flying at the Top-Mast Head; a sure sign they will give no quarter. Heaven grant that they moor not in the Court-yard, and batter down the Palace!

Sancho. Hey! can they come so near? Mercy on me! what a fool was I to accept the Government at such a time! what is to be done?

Sec. Gird on your sword, to be sure; and sally forth to give the foe battle.

Sancho. Not quite so fast, good Secretary. My valor is of the *cool* kind; and I can very well wait until the foe comes to me.

Sec. If you will not go out to meet them, we shall see you at least upon the Ramparts, tumbling the fellows down as fast as they mount the Scaling Ladders?

Sancho. Nor that neither. No Rampart work for me. Let the Quixotes of the Island, who love to have their heads broke—let them man the works, whilst I give my orders from a place of safety. No doubt you *have* places ball proof, and bomb proof?

Sec. Not an arched vault in the Island; except it be the Cellar; and that is almost filled with Malmsey Madeira.

Sancho. The very place for me. There will I establish my

my head quarters. At the firing of the first gun I will retire me thither ; and you along with me ; in order that, if things go ill, you may be ready to draw up Articles of Capitulation.

Sec. Fy, fy, my Lord ! Desert your post !—Retire to a Cellar ! and talk already of Capitulation ! That was not the language of our brave Enemy, ELLIOTT ; the old cock of the rock : the Governor of GIBRALTAR. Do you, as Governor of BARATARIA, take example by him.

Sancho. ‘ Example by him, indeed ! ’ Why what a plague do you take me for ? a Devil, or an Englishman ? No, no ; I’m not so fond of fire and sulphur.

Sec. I say no more, Sir : I see you have no appetite for fighting.

Sancho. No : but I have an appetite of a better kind ; and very sharp set : so fetch me something to eat.

Sec. ‘ Eat ! ’ You certainly don’t mean it. The Governor can not think of eating just now, when the State is in such imminent danger. The first thing your *Honor* has to do, is, to call a council of War.

Sancho. I say, call the Cook.

Sec. Pardon me, my Lord. In all other things you may command me. But, when your Vice-royal stomach is concerned, I dare not stir a step without a consultation with the Doctor.

R.

Sancho.

Sancho. The Doctor be starved! What is he to me? It is not physic that I want; but food. So show me to the Kitchen.

Sec. O, worse, and worse! The *Governor* go into the Kitchen! Since BARATARIA was an Island, no Duke, or Vice-Duke ever so demeaned himself. When Dinner is ready, (and which it will be in about four or five hours,) your proper Page will give you notice. All things here are wont to be conducted with due formality, and cerimonialness.

Sancho. I hate all ceremony; especially when I am hungry; so conduct me to the Kitchen; that I may make interest with the Cook, for a nice Sop in the pan; or a Rather upon the coals. Lead on, I say; if not, I'll drive you.

Exit, driving the SECRETARY on before him.

SCENE II. *Another Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter CARRASCO, musing.

Never did any thing so puzzle me, as do the Events of this day;—or, rather, the *Dreams* of this *Night*; for, I cannot bring myself to think that it is day; or, that I am really awake.

That I *exist*—is self-evident: but, that I am broad awake—is not to me demonstrable; nor credible. That this is the Town of BARATARIA, I have no doubt: and that SANCHE PANÇA is here, I will not dispute. But, that he should be received as *Governor*; and greeted by the

the titles of "SANCHO THE GREAT ;"—VICE-ROY OF SPAIN ;"—"SUB-DUKE OF CASTILE ;"—MARQUIS OF LA MANCHA ;"—and "BARON OF BARATARIA."—is altogether so improbable, that I can not waking give it my belief ; and yet it has so seemed to me : therefore I must conclude that I am still asleep.

Enter NICHOLAS. (*CARRASCO continues musing.*)

Nich. I thought I should not have rejoined you again : I have met with so many crosses. First, I was stopped by a Sentinel in the Court yard ; but I gave him the go-by ; and got to the top of the stairs : there again I was obstructed by some Jack-in-Office, who told me the Governor could not be spoken with : and when I replied, that SANCHO was my Townsman, and speak with him I would, the Fellow wanted to shove me down stairs ; but, as you know, I am something of a wrestler, I tripped up *his* heels ; and took to mine.

Why, hey day, Mr. Curate ! how muzzy you are grown : not to be amused with my exploits. Mayhap you have got to your College Tricks again ; making Squares of Circles ; or, forming Syllogisms ? No answer yet ?

(*Raises his cynice.*)

Mr. SAMSON CARRASCO ; I say : be so good as to descend from your altitudes : come down from the clouds of Metaphysics, and converse a little with a creature of this world.

Car. Speak not so loud ; you'll wake me.

R 2

Nich.

Nich. Why, what a plague! are you a Horse, or a Mule,—to sleep standing?

Car. Neither, I believe: but I am an Afs, if I know whether I am awake, or not.

Nich. You are an Afs, if you do *not* know.

Car. And who are you, so very free of speech?

Nich. To be sure, now, you do not know me, Doctor NICHOLAS, the notorious Barber-Surgeon of LA MANCHA?

Car. A self-dubbed, superficial Doctor, a bad Barber, and a worse Phlebotomist.

Nich. You forget, then, how often I have let you blood;—in shaving. Not one word of approbation? not a smile even at my jokes? Then, indeed, you *must* be asleep. I will try, however, whether I can not wake you.

(Takes him by the Shoulders, and shakes him.)

Car. Gently; gently: too sudden waking gives a shock to the animal spirits. Well, well; not so violent: I tell you, I *am* awake.

Nich. Oho! I have roused you at last: and you will tell me whether you have seen the Governor. What did SANCHO say to you?

Car. I have not seen him: nor any one else, to speak to.

Nich. Then let us go in quest of him. And fortune grant

grant that we find him at Table with a Buttock of Beef before him : and a Barrel of Beer at his elbow.

Car. I shall have no objection : my walk has whetted my appetite.

Nich. And I am sure it has whetted mine. I am sharper set than any of my razors.

Car. That you may easily be, and not very keen neither.

Nich. I would that your wit were a little duller : and then you would not take such pleasure in cutting me up.

Car. O ! Wit is a weapon you are not afraid of : for no one, as I am told, makes greater use of it.

Nich. Mayhap I do when I am with my equals. I can cudgel a little with our Country Bumpkins : and not seldom draw blood from them. But, when an expert, *Academic* Fencer takes his sword to me, my basket hilt is but a poor defence.

Car. So much for affected humility. For, if I were to take the compliment as sincere ; I know how you would laugh in your sleeve. But you mistake the matter, *NICHOLAS*, in supposing that I ever mean to set my wit at you. When a Wild Boar whets his tusks against a *Tree*, it is not done in harm to *it* ; but only to make his weapon ready for real combat.

Nich. I thank you for the compliment, Mr. Wild-Boar ; and I hope I shall not die in your debt : but, at present

I am dull, and dispirited with hunger. For, though hunger sharpens the wit of some Men; as it incites other Animals to whet their tusks for slaughter; I am as passive as a *log of wood*; and every Cur may lift up his leg against me with impunity.

Car. Well retorted, NICHOLAS: that was a home thrust. And though the materials of your jest were rather coarse, I pass that over on account of the goodness of the workmanship.

Nich. I know, Sir, you are a thorough Joker; and consequently your motto is, "Give, and Take." But, we are losing our time here; and perhaps our dinner. And, methinks, I smell Roast-Meat: do let us follow the scent.

Car. Which way, think you?

Nich. This way, assuredly. If the Eating-Room, or Kitchen, does not lay this way; I will submit to have my nose cut off.

Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Library.

CARRASCO, and NICHOLAS.

Carrasco.

BE not so impatient, Man. I warrant you we shall get something to eat presently. In the mean time feast your eyes with the magnificence of these Apartments.

Nich.

Nich. If admiration, indeed, could supply the place of victuals; I confess I have my belly-full. What a suite of noble rooms have we passed through! It is not every Governor is so well lodged.

Car. No; nor every King. For, it is said, THE KING OF ENGLAND is worse lodged than many of his Subjects. Which is not only discordant with Royal Dignity, but is inconsistent with the reputed wealth, and wonted liberality, of that proud Nation.

Nich. O! Those Englishmen are a strange people. I should not be surpris'd if, after lodging their present mild, moral, and religious King, GEORGE the THIRD, in such a mean, and miserable Dwelling, they should erect a most magnificent Palace for some future —

Car. Ay; not at all unlikely.

Nich. But, what think you of this Library, Mr. Curate? You are a reading Man. Is not this a very fine collection of Books?

Car. Very fine, indeed; to look at; but not into.

Nich. What hundreds of Volumes! and what rich Outfides!

Car. And mere Outfides. This Library is fitted up, I see, in the new taste: and, to do the Carver and Painter justice, they have very successfully imitated Bookbinding.

Nich. Are they not real books then?

Car. As much so as your Sign at LA MANCHA is a real Perriwig.

Nich.

Nich. Egad that would not keep a Man's head very warm.

Car. Nor these furnish the inside of it. I would fain have consulted SAINT JEROME just now, and I was very near pulling the whole wainscot about my ears.

Nich. As far as SANCHO PANÇA's use, indeed, it is all one whether the Bookseller, or the Carver furnished the Library: but, as the Duke himself sometimes resides here, I should have thought he could not do without real Books.

Car. Hearkee! in your ear. (*In a half-whisper.*) Do not you know that the Duke is a *Wag*: that he is fond of fun, and foolery?—And you never knew a man of that description that had much brains.

Nich. That's true. But I have understood that the Duke is a purchaser not only of scarce old Books, but even of musty, mouldy Manuscripts.

Car. It may be. For I have heard of many such, who are at vast expence to *purchase* the reputation of being Scholars: and who, neglecting modern Writings, give extravagant prices for old, or foreign Authors they do not understand.

Nich. That is ridiculous, indeed.

Car. And what most exposes their ignorance, is, the implicit faith they put in Venders. A friend of mine detected Mr. FLORID, the Auctioneer, selling a Hebrew Bible for the Koran: with which being charged, he smilingly

ingly begged pardon ; and said it was a *lapsus linguæ* in the Catalogue : thus sealing one blunder with another.

Nich. Ha, ha, ha ! — A very good joke that : (*Aside,*) though the devil take me, if I understand it.

Car. I suspect, indeed, Mr. FLORID of a little finesse. He might think that true Religion were out of date ; and that the Sensualists of the age would bid higher for MAHOMET'S Paradise, than for any other.

Nich. I dare say your remarks are perfectly just : but you forget whom you are talking to ; you are throwing away a deal of learning, upon a poor, illiterate Barber, which might stand you in some stead if you were amongst your *Fellows* at the University.

Car. I would I were there !

Nich. I would I were at Dinner !

Car. You are always thinking of your Belly.

Nich. And you always of your Books. Now I protest I would not forego my dinner for all your learning.

Car. I never knew a Blockhead that was not content to remain so.

Nich. You will do well not to affront me. For I begin to be outrageously hungry : and shall very soon " whet my tusks " at you. Surely His Lord-Sancho-ship has not forgot that he invited us.

Car. I heard of no Invitation.

S

Nich.

Nich. But I did ; when we met him in the Market Place. He asked us twice over. It was that made me huzza so much.

Enter BIZARRO,

Car. (*Aside.*) What smart, didapper fellow is this ? Surely he must be a Page.

Biz. Pray, Gentlemen, are your names CARRASCO, and NICHOLAS ?

Car. Just so.

Biz. Then you are the Gentlemen His Honor The Governor expects to Dinner.

Nich. Yes, yes ; we are the *Gentlemen* : and we have been expecting this agreeable Message this half hour. Pray, conduct us to the Eating Room.

Biz. This way, sir.

Exit BIZARRO.

(NICHOLAS going on first, CARRASCO pulls him back.)

Car. Not quite so fast, Master Barber Surgeon. Till the cure of the body be esteemed a nobler profession than the cure of the soul, in the name of the Clergy, I claim precedence.

Nich. In the name of the Clergy, take it, then : only make haste.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE II.

An Eating Room : The Table partly covered : Chairs set.

SANCHO : and THREE SERVANTS, in sumptuous Liveries :
and others occasionally bringing in Dishes.

Sancho. AZIEGO, VIVO, and FANTASTICO ! Why do you not, some of you, seek my Guests ; and tell them Dinner is on the table ?

Fant. Most noble Lord, one of your Pages has given them notice.—And, lo ! here they are.

Enter CARRASCO, and NICHOLAS, the latter bowing often to the very ground.

Sancho. Welcome, Gentlemen : welcome ! Nay, NICHOLAS ; leave off bowing, and scraping. If you think that Fortune, high as she has placed me, can make me forget my friends, you do me wrong.

Nich. Of that I am convinced, most noble Governor. You certainly were born for a Court, for you are courtousness itself.

Car. Mindful of what an Ancient says.—“ *Ifos men isibi pasi, kan proukees bio.*” *

Sancho. Most larned Scholard, Mr. CARRASCO ; I give you a friendly hint before we sit down. I have ever looked upon meal time, as a time of jollity, rather than pedantry. I shall therefore *fine* you a bumper every time you sport Latin, Sir.

S 2

Car.

* *However rich you grow, preserve an equal mind.*

Car. It was not Latin, Sir.

Nicb. Then it was Greek.

Sancho. Worse, and worse. If Latin is fineable one bumper, Greek should be fined two.

Nicb. In that case, My Lord, he will give you a Greek Sentence, with a Latin translation; in order to incur both penalties: unless you take my advice; and sconce him, not in wine, but in Salt and Water.

Sancho. And so it shall be. But, come, Gentlemen; Dinner is quite served: take your places.

(*SANCHO and NICHOLAS seat themselves: but, CARRASCO remains standing before his Chair a few seconds, before he sits down.*)

Sancho. Come, come; begin. That is right, NICHOLAS; you brandish your knife and fork like an able hungry man: but CARRASCO, it seems, is in no hurry.

Car. Never in such a hurry, Mr. Governor, but I can find time to say *grace*.

Nicb. Fy, fy; Mr. CARRASCO: you forget where you are. Say grace at a Great Man's table!

Car. Yes; Mr. Grace-less: and if ever I sit down to *any* table without saying it, may my first mouthful choke me,

Sancho. Well said, good Mr. Curate. Sinner as I am myself, I love to see signs of religion in others: more especially in those of your Cloth: and for your *decorous* Behaviour,

behaviour, I promise you the first vacant Bishopric in BARATARIA.

Car. I thank you, Sir.

Nich. (*Coughing.*) If I were as good a man as Mr. CARRASCO, I should not be so plaguily afraid of fish bones. (*To one of the Servants.*) Be pleased, Sir, to take away this plate: I am not good enough to be choked.

Sancho. What do you choose, CARRASCO?

Car. It is indifferent to me. I am too hungry to make any choice. I'll take some of that Hare. H and it this way, FANTASTICO; (if that be your name.) the Lard looks tempting.

Enter Dr. REZIO, with a wand: he places himself behind SANCHO's chair; and as soon as the Servant puts the Hare down before SANCHO, who, with great eagerness, is about to help himself, he touches the Dish with his wand, and the Servant takes it off the table.

Sancho. How now! What does the Fellow mean? you see me helping myself; and you take away the Dish!

Servant. The Doctor order'd me to do so.

Sancho. What Doctor? (*Servant points to REZIO.*) O, ho! Doctor "Temperance!" are you there? and who, the plague, sent for you?

Rez. My duty called me here, my Lord. As I before apprised you; it is my duty always to attend at meal times.

Sancho.

Sancho. I could very well dispense with your attendance. But, pray, Sir; by what authority bear you that wand?

Rez. It is my badge of office, Sir. As Doctor to the Governor, I am bound to watch over his health; and more especially at meals: when if I see him about to help himself to any unwholesome viand, on motion of this conjuring wand the Servant carries it away.

Sancho. "Conjuring wand" you call it; do you? I believe this is the only country in the world where *Doctors* are accounted Conjurers.

Nich. Good, my Lord. Ha, ha, ha! devilish good that.

Car. (*Half aside.*) You forget, NICHOLAS, that you are a bit of a Doctor yourself.

Nich. (*Half aside.*) Never mind that. I laugh to please my Lord the Governor; and not myself.

Rez. One would think this fellow had been brought up at Court; and not in a Village. What an errant Sycophant it is!

Nich. I wish your Honor would send away that cynical Doctor. His very look is enough to turn your wine sour.—Apropos to *Wine*, (*Speaking to the Servants,*) do give me a tumbler full.

Sancho. Doctor "Temperance," why won't you take the hint? We think your absence better than your company. Do make yourself scarce. Be off: away.

Rez. Not while a dish is left on table. My duty stations me here; and here I must, and will attend.

Sancho.

Sancho. And I must eat; and will.

Rex. In moderation, do so. But, should you over-eat yourself, and get a surfeit, the State will lay the blame at my door.

Sancho. "Over-eat myself!" I have no patience with such an over-officious fellow. The devil a morsel have I put into my mouth yet, and he is cautioning me against a surfeit.

Car. It is rather mortifying, truly.

Sancho. No hungry hound ever seized upon a Hare with greater avidity than I did upon that which his wand conjured away. How savory it smelt! I dare to say it had a pudding in its belly.

Servant. Yes, Your Honor: and whilst roasting it was basted with cinnamon and claret.

Sancho. 'A pudding in its belly! and basted with cinnamon and claret!' Better than Olla Podrida; or, Toasted Cheese and Garlic. Away, run, fly; and fetch me that Hare again.

Rex. No; not an ear of it. Your Excellency could not pitch upon a more unwholesome dish. "*Leporis enim caro*——(Says the wife GALEN)——*melancholiam generat.*"

Sancho. What does that gibberish mean? CARRASCO, be thou interpreter.

Car. Wife GALEN says, "The flesh of Hare breeds melancholy."

Sancho.

Sancho. What nonsense do these *wife* fools talk! 'Good Eating make men melancholy!' the want of it is much more likely to make one mad. Hand me those Birds.—What are they?—Larks, or Sparrows? Such little things can certainly do no great harm.

(The Servant putting the Dish before SANCHO, Dr. REZIO touches it with his wand, and it is taken away; as before.)

Heigh, Presto! Is that your trick again? What, do they breed melancholy, too?

Rez. "*Passeres calidi nimium sunt, et ficci.*"

Nich. At Latin again, Doctor? Have a care of the Salt and Water. If our worthy President prescribes it, I will be your Apothecary and duly administer the *drench*.

Rez. You talk, Sir, more like a Farrier: you have probably been used to drench Horses?

Nich. Ay; and Asses too, sometimes: so take you care.

Sancho. Fellows, hand up that Leg of Mutton. Dr. TEMPERANCE himself will allow that to be wholesome.

(The Mutton is banded up, touched with the wand, and taken off as before.)

Rez. Not a slice of it, by HIPPOCRATES. Did you not observe, my Lord, how very fat it was?

Sancho. To be sure I did. It was that made my mouth water.

Rez.

Rex. Clearly forbidden meat. Fat, so yellow, as that was, and three inches deep, I warrant, is ever of an oily, rancid quality: and which not only vitiates the blood, but makes the gormandizer pot-bellied. It would spoil your goodly shape, my Lord. And, what is much worse, it would spoil your intellects: for it is such gross food as that which makes so many men *fat-headed*. And please to recollect, supreme Sir, that this very afternoon is set apart for justice-business: for trying causes of uncommon difficulty; in which your magisterial character must be at stake.

Sancho. And if I am not allowed to eat, my life's at stake.

Car. (*Aside to SANCHO.*) Let me endeavour to take this Doctor off your hands. I will keep him in conversation whilst you eat.——

Nich. And whilst I drink. More wine, good fellows; in a large glass; and filled to the brim.

Car. Give me leave, Doctor, to talk with you a little on Physic?

Rex. You are a Clergyman, I see, Sir: and you may talk *divinely*; but not on Physic, I believe.

Car. Why not, Sir? I have gone through several courses.——

Rex. Of Mercury, Sir?—or, Hellebore?

Car. Of neither, happily.

Rex. Then you were not cured?

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Car.

Car. Nor stood in need of it, most quick, facetious Doctor: for never was I addicted either to Libertinism, or Poetry.

Rez. That is well for you: for they are two diseases which are seldom cured.

Car. May I be so bold, Sir, as to ask your name? and what place had the honor of giving birth to you?

Rez. DOCTOR PEDRO REZIO DE AGUERO, is my proper title: Native of TIRTEAFUERA, lying between CAROQUEL, and ALMADOBAR DEL CAMPO——

(During this conversation betwixt the Doctor and Curate, SANCHO having helped himself to something, the Doctor touches the plate with his wand, and it is carried away as before.)

Sancho. *(Starting up in a violent passion.)* Why then “DOCTOR PEDRO REZIO DE AGUERO, native of TIRTEAFUERA, lying between CAROQUEL, and ALMADOBAR DEL CAMPO, if you do not instantly *decamp-o*, by my hunger and fury, with this knife and fork, I will slice you, as I would a cucumber.

(They take hold of SANCHO.)

Hold me not, I say.

(He breaks from them, and runs after REZIO, who happily escapes.)

Nich. The Doctor may thank his heels for this escape.

Sancho. And he will do well to keep them in running order:

order: for the next time he comes to doctor me at table, I will cut him into mince meat.

Enter SECRETARY, hastily.

Sec. Business, my Lord; business of importance.

Sancho. Confusion seize it. I believe o'my conscience you are all in a conspiracy to starve me.

Sec. I fear indeed I am come at an unwelcome time.

Sancho. So unwelcome, that I beg you will return by the same door you came in at; and in as great haste.

Sec. But, my Lord Vice-Governor, these dispatches are from the Duke himself; and are of the greatest moment. So far I gathered from the Courier whilst he was stepping out of his jack-boots.

Sancho. And I wish he had stuck in the mire, instead of arriving just at dinner time.

Sec. Your Lordship will please to read the dispatches?

Sancho. You know I cannot read. But I'll give them the hearing. So open them, and read.

Sec. (Reads.) "LEONATO, Duke of CASTILE, to SANCHE the Bold, Vice-Governor of BARATARIA, sends Greeting.

Intelligence having reached me, since you set off this morning, that a hostile fleet was seen hovering somewhere about the latitudinary longitude of your devoted Island, I immediately let off a Spy in an *Air-balloon*, to ascertain the truth. And his report is—(With heartfelt sorrow I relate

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it)—

it)—that BARATARIA is beset on all sides. You will too soon know the perils of an "Island." For the Grand Signor is coming over-land to you in flat-bottomed boats; and the Great Mogul is marching an army up to the chin in water. Oh! my poor SANCHE! you have need of all your courage, and address, to ward off so many blows. You, in your excess of valor, may make light of wounds; and rush into the thickest battle: but, let me entreat you, to restrain, if possible, your martial ardor; and when you have an arm or two lopped off by the cimeter, and a leg or two carried away by a cannon ball, be not so desperate as to continue fighting on your stumps; but let your Aid-de-camps bear off your mutilated carcass to some place of safety; whence, while the Surgeons are stanching your streaming blood, you can still survey the glorious field of battle, and with heroic animation still issue orders. You have long wished to be a Governor; your ambition now must be fully gratified, for you are made one at a most honorable, but dreadful crisis: Your person must be exposed; but, whether it be mangled more or less, I hope it will not be cut shorter by all the head.

LEONATO, *Duke of CASTILE.*"

(During the reading of this, SANCHE occasionally utters most piteous sighs, and groans.)

Nich. Bless me! how pale your Lordship is! and you do moan most piteously.

Sanche. Do I? It may be so: but not with fear.—No; no: 'tis only tenderness. I am so touched with the Duke's affection for me, that I could almost weep.

Car.

Car. Your eyes indeed do look a little misty.

Sec. Hold, Sir : here is a postscript. (*Reads.*) "That your Island might have been put in a better state of defence, I could have wished to have been enabled to communicate this danger sooner : but, my Spy having more Gas than ballast in his Balloon, it was whirled against the nether horn of the Moon ; which tore such a hole in his taffeta vehicle, that he was fain to descend for a sempstress's assistance. Fare you well."

Sancho. I am almost sorry that I drove away the Doctor. For I do feel myself a little indisposed. I have a sort of a pit pat, palpitation at the heart ; and am all over in a clammy, cold sweat.

Nich. (*Aside to SANCHO.*) Your old complaint—'Cowardice.' (*Aloud.*) Let me prescribe a bumper to you :—and another to myself.

Sancho. With all my heart. Fill some wine round.

Car. (*Aside to NICHOLAS.*) Remark'd you not, Master NICHOLAS, the very particular serio-comic style of that epistle ? The Duke is fooling him to the top of his simplicity.

Nich. (*Aside to CARRASCO*) The style indeed did appear a little queerish :—with its 'Grand Seignors,' 'Great Moguls,' and 'Air Balloons : ' I knew not what to make of it.

(*Servants bring wine.*) Be so good, sir, as to put a bottle and glass down by me ; that I may not trouble you so often.

Sec.

Sec. Any answer, my good Lord?

Sancho. I'll think of it, good Secretary. In the mean time let the Courier be taken care of.

Exit SECRETARY.

Nich. Come, come; my Lord Governor; rally your spirits: take some more wine; it is an excellent cordial.

Sancho. With all my heart. I had need take a bottle; for I am sure else I shall not take the field. At any rate, NICHOLAS, I appoint you my Body-Surgeon.

Nich. Which office I will execute to the best of my ability: but I must own, I am not used to taking off legs, and arms.

Sancho. And I hope not to give you occasion. I can very ill spare an arm, if I *must* fight: and I would not willingly part with a leg; for, without both of them, how can I——run away.

Car. For this time, neighbour SANCHO, I will insure your safety. From the threatened enemies you will have no occasion to run away.

Sancho. Do you think, then, they will run away from me?

Car. Neither *from* you, nor *to* you: take my word for it. The foe exists only in the brain of the letter-writer. The noble Duke has already found out your weak side; and in order to punish your presumption in coveting a government which you have neither courage
nor

nor talents to support, he is devising the means of bringing you to shame.

Nich. Or, not impossibly, the Secretary, (who seems a throwd fellow, and has been laughing in his sleeve,) is himself the forger of these terrible dispatches.

Car. No doubt he is in concert with the Duke ; and so is Doctor REZIO : they are all playing on the *Peasant Governor*.

Sancho. Then the Peasant-Governor will play upon them : and counterwork their plot, by seeming bold. Call in *My Secretary*.

Exit a Servant.

In the mean time give us wine. I drank before because I was sad : and now I'll drink because I am merry.

Car. How readily every man finds an excuse for doing what he likes ! (*They drink.*)

Enter SECRETARY.

Sancho. O ! you are the man I wanted. I have framed an answer to the Duke ; which I will tell you in few words : but you may write it out with as many flourishes as you think proper.

Sec. Leave that to me, my Lord : I'll pen a masterpiece.

Sancho. You must begin in style of echo to His Grace. Lament the danger in which the Island is ; but that he may rest assured of my unceasing vigilance ; and that in
defence

defence of his interests I am ready to face every danger, and, if necessary, even sacrifice my life.

Sec. 'Ready to sacrifice your life?'

Sancho. Ay: nine times over; if I had as many lives as a cat: I would sacrifice them all to show my gratitude; and serve His Grace. In short, you may assure him, that whatever may be the fate of the Island, Governor SANCHE will not be taken alive.—No: if they will take me, they shall take me *dead—drunk. (aside.)* More wine, lads: in large glasses, filled to the top.

Sec. Hold, valorous Lord! stop that rash hand;—till supper time, at least. I did inform your Excellency, it is the custom here to put the Governor's Head to better proof than that of drinking.

Car. You would not make a battering-ram of it; would you?

Nich. Or, would you toss His Honor in a blanket?

Sancho. I hope not: I have had enough of that formerly.

Sec. No; my Lord: we would only exercise your judgement. Will you be pleased to dedicate an hour to trying causes?

Car. I like not trying causes after dinner. When the brain is heated, how can the judgement be cool?

Sancho. It may be *after* dinner with some folk: but I have had only a snack. Therefore, if Mr. Curate CAR-

RASCO

RASCO may be allowed to assist me, I will undertake the business.

Sec. Certainly he may.

Sancho. How many Causes are there for this afternoon?

Sec. Only two, my Lord: but they are tough ones. They have so puzzled all our JUSTICES, they were fain to refer the parties to yourself as Lord High Chancellor.

Sancho. Their being puzzled does not discourage me. For, if ever you read the "Reports" of one MICHAEL CERVANTES DE SAAVEDRA, you would know, that a peasant of LA MANCHA has decided causes which would have toiled all the black-letter sages of Westminster Hall.

Sec. Would your Excellencyship be pleased to hear the depositions read, previous to going into court; they are lodged in my office.

Sancho. What say you, brother Justice? Shall we go, and read them?—that is, you read, and I hear?

Car. With all my heart.

Sancho. Come along then. As to NICHOLAS, who has drunk himself fast asleep, we will leave him here to sleep off his drinking.

Exeunt all but NICHOLAS.

Nich. Not so fast asleep, as you imagine. No, no: NICHOLAS is always awake to his own interest. (*Getting*

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up

up from his chair he staggers much.) But, heigh-day! what does all this mean?—I am weak hammed, and giddy headed:—Is it old age come suddenly upon me? or, my old complaint, Intoxication?—probably the latter: for the lights dance before my eyes, like so many *ignes fatui*.—I am not so drunk, however, but I can see great plenty of provisions here, and nobody to eat them. Nor can I eat any more myself. The more 's the pity:—No; not at all: for what I can not eat, I can carry away. I wish I had brought my knapsack. Well; as it is, I can only fill my pockets. Let me see. This I think, will hold a Duck. (*Crams a Duck into his pocket.*)—and room to spare. I think verily, it would hold the other. Who knows but they may be a Duck and a Drake, that lived together a most loving couple? If so, it were a pity to part them even in death. (*Cramming the other Duck into the same pocket.*) So far, so good. But, as Doctor TIRTEAFUERA observes, "*Caro Ducko ficitur*:" 'Duck is dry eating.' Suppose, then, I clap a bottle of wine into the other pocket; by way of moistening it occasionally? (*Puts a bottle of wine into his other pocket.*) Here is room also for another:—but, hark! I hear footsteps. I will retire me to some state bed-chamber, or drawing-room sofa; and snore away an hour or two. By that time my dinner will be digested, and I shall awake fresh, and hungry for this my afternoon's nunchion. (*Going out, reels.*)—Steady, Master Nicholas;—steady: for, should'st thou break thy glass ballast, thou wilt make but an unprofitable voyage.—Here we go, right before the wind.

Exit NICHOLAS.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace, fitted up like a Justice's Room. An elevated Chair for SANCHO, with a Robe hanging over one Arm of it; and a Figure like a Child's great Doll, at the back of it: other Chairs; Table, Books, Pens and Ink, Wig-Box, and a white Wand on it.

Enter SECRETARY and CARRASCO.

Secretary.

AND this, fir, is the Justice Chamber. How like you it?

Car. Well enough, as to its size, and furniture: but, I am not apt to be caught by appearances. It is not the case of a watch, that I set most store by; nor do I admire the mere outside of a book of reports. I would know how the law is therein expounded: let me hear how justice is in this court administered.

Sec. Much as in other courts; with generally pure intentions, too often defeated by human error.

Car. This elevated chair is, questionless, for the chief magistrate?

Sec. It is, fir: for Governor SANCHE, and these are his official robes.

Car. And what does this doll mean; stuck up at the back of the chair?

Sec. Doll, fir?—(*Aside.*) A plague of his discernment!

ment! It would have passed on SANCHO for what I meant it: but there is no imposing on a university man.

Car. I ask you what is the meaning of this great doll?

Sec. Great *doll*, insooth! For shame, fir; you a scholar, and not recognise the figure of JUSTICE?

Car. 'The figure of Justice!'—This trumpery thing represent the Goddess ASTREA? Where are the ensigns of her attributes? not one of them do I descry. Where is her punitory sword?

Sec. (*Hesitatingly.*) O,—that I put away, fir. Knowing Lord SANCHO's timorous nature, I was afraid that the sight of a drawn sword, though only a wooden one, would make him swoon.

Car. And what is become of JUSTICE's Scales?

Sec. The scales!—the scales!—oh, they were taken away to be cleaned; having hung too long in the way of the dust.—

Car. In the way of *Gold*-dust, mean you? Was it *bribe* money weighed them down?

Sec. You are pleased to be severe, fir.

Car. This baby figure has lost also the *bandage* from her eyes?

Sec. Of that, indeed, I can give a very good account. I made a present of it to one of the housemaids, to serve her either for a top-knot, or a garter: for I never could
imagine

imagine how Madam JUSTICE, *if* she were blinded, could see to well-weigh causes. But here comes His Lordship.

Enter SANCHO; followed in by Officers and Servants.

Sancho. Are the parties ready?

Sec. All attending, my Lord, in the adjacent rooms. Would your Lordship pleased to be robed?

Sancho. Ay. I have not kept you waiting, I hope?

Car. Not at all, sir.

(*SECRETARY puts on SANCHO a most ridiculous, mottled Robe.*)

Well! I never beheld so mottley fine a robe!

Sancho. I fancy not, indeed. Methinks a peacock's tail is a fool to it.

Sec. Not the rainbow itself can boast such a variety of colors!

Car. No; nor any thing else: unless it be a housewife's pitch-patch quilt. Were it on a less grave personage, it might pass for a Harlequin's great-coat.

Sancho. I think it is, indeed, rather upon the harlequin order. Now am I equipped?

Sec. Not quite, my Lord. (*SECRETARY puts on SANCHO an enormously large judge's wig.*)

Sancho. What, this perriwig, too?

Sec.

Sec. An indispensable badge of magistracy: of much more consequence than you imagine.

Car. In truth, I never saw a more consequential one.

Sec. (*Giving SANCHEO a wand.*) This wand, my Lord, accoutres you completely.

Sancho. Of what use is this, pray?

Sec. It serves, my Lord, even in its quiescent state, to command respect; and when you would enforce attention, you give it a gentle, undulatory motion; thus: (*Waving his hand.*) When you would call to order, you agitate it more briskly; thus. And if you are not immediately obeyed, you may break a fellow's head with it.—

Sancho. Thus. (*Offering to strike the SECRETARY.*) at any rate it will serve me for a riding switch, when I mount Dapple. By the same token, I hope my stable fellows have taken care of poor, dear Dapple?

Sec. He has the best stall in the mews, my Lord: and plenty of provender.

Sancho. And no Dr. TIRTEAFUERA, to stand by, and conjure his corn away?

Sec. Oh! no; my Lord. He has his manger full; and fair play.

Car. He is better off than his Master then.

Sancho. Now to business.

Sec. This is your place, my Lord.

Sancho.

Sancho. (*To CARRASCO.*) Then you, my learned brother, fit you there. Which cause stands first?

Sec. That betwixt JUSTO, and AVARO.

Sancho. JUSTO the plaintiff.

Sec. He is, my Lord.

Sancho. Call in the parties.

Sec. (*Bawls out.*) JUSTO, and AVARO, come into court.

Exeunt Officers.

Car. I find you are well acquainted with some technical terms in law.

Sancho. Wonder you at that? I was three times halberdier to high-sheriffs; and, taking pleasure in hearing causes tried, I picked up a little smattering of law.

Enter JUSTO, and AVARO; and OFFICERS.

Sancho. Take you your seat, my Secretary. And then begin the *Plaintiff*.

Justo. That am I, my Lord, upon what ground, I will state briefly. Three days since, I found, in the pocket of a hackney coach, a bag of money; Dollars,—as I guessed, by the chink;—for, the bag was very carefully tied up, and sealed; and so it remained, I declare upon my word and honor, from my finding it until the moment I carried it to DON AVARO's counting-house, and delivered it into his own hands; claiming the reward of one hundred dollars, agreeable to his advertisement; which reward, however,

however, the DON refuses to pay, upon a frivolous, shuffling pretext, which, I trust, your Lordship will set aside; and will award me the promised hundred dollars.

Sancho. What says the *Defendant*?

Avaro. I say, my Lord, that the bag was returned to me one hundred dollars short of its proper tale. And it is therefore presumable that the *Plaintiff* has himself anticipated the reward. However that may be,—whether it was he, or any one else, who took the hundred dollars out of the bag,—your Lordship will see, by the *express condition* of the advertisement, that I am clearly exonerated from any further payment. Here is the newspaper, my Lord, with the advertisement in question.

Sancho. Read it, SECRETARY, aloud; but slowly, and very distinctly.

Sec. (Reads.) “Lost,—supposed to be left in a Hackney Coach,—A Bag of Dollars. Whoever restores it, *Contents entire*, to DON AVARO, at his Counting House, near the Bank, shall receive One Hundred Dollars reward.”

Avaro. “*Contents entire* ;” my Lord: mark well those words.

(SANCHO appears to be absorbed in thought.)

Car. That word “*entire*” is artfully inserted; and will go near to puzzle you.

Sancho. It is, indeed, a stumbling-block. How much, DON JUSTO, was in the bag, when you restored it?

Justo.

Justo. One thousand Dollars, my Lord; as told out upon DON AVARO's counter.

Sancho. And how much, do you say the bag contained, when you lost it?

Avaro. Eleven hundred Dollars, my Lord.

Car. An odd sum, that. I have always understood that it is the custom of merchants to keep their cash, whether dollars or ducats, in even thousands: more especially when they think fit to seal their bags.

Sancho. The identical bag, and money, must be produced in court.

Avaro. By order of your Lordship's Secretary, I brought it with me.

Sancho. Deliver it, then, into his custody: that is, lay it on the table.

Avaro. Here, my Lord; here it is;—for your Lordship to look at: and you will see the bag is not quite full: it would hold another hundred, or even two more, upon a pinch.

Car. Upon a *stretch*, you should say; for it appears already tolerably full.

Sancho. I hardly know what to say to this. JUSTO has certainly proved himself an honest man. The circumstance of restoring a bag of money, the whole of which he might safely have embezzled, speaks for him. But, then, AVARO says, there is a deficiency. And it is pre-

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sumable,

sumable, the one finding in a hackney coach what the other is supposed to have left there, the bag has not passed through intermediate hands. Prithee, Secretary, what is the general character of DON AVARO? does his honesty stand unimpeached?

Sec. Not absolutely so, my Lord. He is—I speak it under the protection of the court—He is known to be a very miserly, covetous man: in other words, He is a notorious usurer.

Car. So far his character is against him: for it is hardly possible for a man greedy of wealth to be quite honest.

Sancho. Is the *Defendant* rich?

Sec. Not a warmer man upon change, my Lord.

Sancho. As the case stands, let me recommend to you, DON AVARO,—recommend to you, I say, for certainly you are not compellable,—to pay the hundred Dollars.

Avaro. Your recommendation, my Lord, would have great weight with me upon any other occasion. But I am not one twentieth part so rich as the world thinks. I can not afford—after being robbed of one hundred Dollars—to give away another.

Sec. My Lord, he is so rich that, I am told, he purposes by will to endow an hospital.

Avaro. 'Endow an hospital!' God help me! I wish I may not live to come upon the parish!

Car. As to endowing hospitals, with the wealth you
leave

Have behind you, it is a very good purpose ; and far be it from me to divert you from it: But, you may take my word for it, *a single Dollar well bestowed in your life time will do your soul more good than ten thousand bequeathed to charitable uses.*

Avaro. That may sound very well at church. But I came here as to a court of justice. I am willing to abide by my advertisement. And his Lordship has already declared, that I am not compellable to pay the money.

Sancho. Certainly you are not compellable by Law.

Avaro. Good, my Lord.

Car. Not, by the *Letter* of the law, compellable. But you must know that it is impossible for human foresight to provide exprefs statutes for all possible cases: and, that when one does occur, which no positive, written law can apply to, it then becomes a question in *Equity*, and the judge will give sentence at his discretion.

Sancho. But I am afraid, Brother, that in this case we must leave all to the discretion of the defendant: the court can no way compel him to payment.

Avaro. (Exultingly.) Hear you that, Mr. Parson? You may spare yourself all further reasoning. For, what the law cannot compel me to pay, not the eloquence of men or angels will ever wrest from me.

Sancho. And yet I would again recommend it to your generosity—(for *justice* is out of the question,)—to satisfy the Plaintiff: pay him the hundred Dollars.

Avaro. When I have more money than wit, the Don may call upon me. As to the word "Generosity," I confess I have no such in my dictionary. I found it there, indeed; foisted in by the impertinence of some *poor Devil* of a Printer; but I erased it presently; and in its stead set down—"extravagance." And now, most worthy Judge, if it please you to pass sentence, I shall be glad to be dismissed.

Sancho. You shall be presently. But we must first recapitulate the circumstances; and then give judgement.

You, DON AVARO, swear, that the bag you lost contained *eleven hundred* Dollars?

Avaro. I do, my Lord.

Sancho. And you, DON JUSTO, swear, that the bag you found,—this one in court,—contained a *thousand* only?

Justo. As counted fairly out upon AVARO's table.—I do, my Lord.

Sancho. Why then, Secretary, do you deliver the bag, with its contents, to——honest JUSTO. For, it requires but little sense, and no great matter of arithmetic, to prove, that these "Thousand" Dollars are not AVARO's "Eleven Hundred."

Avaro. How, my Lord! Deliver the money to *Justo*?

Sancho. Even so, sir.

Avaro. But, my Lord,—

Sancho.

Sancho. No reply, sir. Or I shall add a fine for your impertinence. Withdraw.

Avaro. (*Aside, going.*) So, so: I have been making use of artifice, to over reach myself! And the finesse of my advertisement, by which I thought to save a hundred Dollars, has cost me the whole thousand! This is a piece of self-folly which will ever harrass my mind: will torment every future hour of my existence. *Ergo*, the best thing that I can do will be to shorten my misery. Yes, yes; there is some comfort in that thought. I know where I can get a rope for nothing: so I will make haste home; and hang myself.

Exit AVARO.

Sancho. You, DON JUSTO, having approved yourself a right honourable man, we do award you, for immediate benefit, one hundred Dollars of that money: and do intrust you with the remainder for a year, and a day. And if in that time a more satisfactory claim be not made, we do award you one hundred Dollars more; and do direct you to invest the remaining eight hundred in the funds, in trust for the poor of the parish where the said bag was found.

Justo. I humbly thank your Lordship, and do promise you to be a faithful steward.

Car. We doubt it not; farewell!

Exit JUSTO.

Sancho. Now for the other cause; call in the parties.

Sec. DONS AMICO and PERFIDO! come into court.

Enter

Enter AMICO, and PERFIDO; and Officers.

Sancho. Begin the Plaintiff.

Amico. That am I, my Lord: the unfortunate,—or rather the imprudent, the insane—AMICO; for so blind a confidence I placed in the *Defendant*, DON PERFIDO; that I intrusted him with half my fortune: I put it in his power to wrong me of five thousand Ducats; and in such a manner as mocks, I fear, at proof, and restoration.

Car. (*Aside to SANCHE:*) There is a certain pathos in the language of this Don, which interests me much.

Amico. I looked upon PERFIDO as such a thoroughly honest man, that I accounted myself most fortunate in calling him my friend. Our intimacy was such, that it became proverbial. We were called the PYLADES and ORESTES of CASTILE. It is most certain that I would freely have sacrificed my life and fortune in *his* service: nor doubted I but *he*, if called upon, would have done as much for me. How miserably I have been deceived, the sequel of my tale will show. That Don PERFIDO did but wear the mask of honor, in order to impose upon my frank, and unsuspecting nature. When I mis-took PERFIDO for a friend, I leant, indeed, upon a broken reed.

Car. Excuse me, sir: we should be sooner masters of your case, if you would please to simplify it. I know that wrongs do naturally make men eloquent; but let us beg of you to tell your story plainly, without either figure, or trope.

Sancho.

Sancho. Ay, ay ; leave the *rope* for your friend: it may be he will have occasion for it.

Amico. Then briefly thus. I was sent for, last week, into the country, to a much-loved parent at the point of death. At the time I received the express I had in the house five thousand Ducats in gold: a sum much too considerable to be left in trust with common servants: and unfortunately it was then evening, and past the hour of business at the bank. To put off my journey till morning was wholly repugnant to my duty, and my feelings; I therefore resolved to carry my money-coffer to *PERFIDO's* house, and beg of him to take care of it until my return. I did so. —

Perfido. Could not you bribe your servants to swear they carried the coffer for you? My Lords the Judges will hardly give their credit to your bare assertion.

Car. Have you no written voucher? Did you not take a receipt for it?

Amico. Alack! sir; no. Although I recollect the Don affected scruples about taking in charge so large a sum; and faintly asked me, “whether I did not *wish* for a receipt?” At which I was simple enough to be almost offended, and said, I did not take him for a money-scriver.

Sancho. The more's the pity. What says the proverb? “Confide in nobody but yourself.” — “A man's word may be good; but his bond is better.” — “Trust a man with money,

money, when you can't help it : and then keep a reckoning."

Car. Well, fir ! what more ?

Amico. I went my journey : and yester-evening returned. Soon after my arrival I hastened to my friend, (as I was used to call him,) not so much to inquire after my money, as after his health. Methought he did embrace me not over cordially. And the *DONNA*, his wife, was not only unusually cold in her manner, but seemingly uneasy, and embarrassed. Fatigued myself with travelling, and not much pleased with my reception, I retired early.

Car. Without making any demand of your money ?

Amico. Without even making mention of it. This morning, however, having occasion for cash, I called upon *PERFIDO* ; and having the key of my coffer with me, desired him to let me take out a score of ducats ; and that in the evening I would call again, and take away the coffer.—“ In the name of common-sense, ” said he, what are you talking about, *Amico* ? What “ ducats, and what coffer have you been *dreaming* of ? “ and which have made so strong impression on your “ fancy, that waking you still talk of them.” Nay, nay, no jesting, I replied : because I have a tradesman waiting for me, who wants his money. “ Ifaith ! rejoins the “ *DON*, the jest, if any, lays with you. But, to be serious ; if you happen to be without cash, why this “ round-about way of asking me for some ? you know
that

"that my purse is always at your service. How much have you occasion for?"

Sancho. A very friendly question. Go on, sir.

Amico. In fine, my Lord; after much talk and altercation, we came to a direct quarrel: he called me a 'dreaming fool;' and I called him a 'waking scoundrel:' Upon which he muttered something about 'the protection of his house:' when I instantly, clapping my hand upon the hilt of my sword, desired he would follow me to the north rampart.

Car. And did he?

Amico. Yes, sir. But he had the precaution to leave his sword at home: thereby making good the saying, that cowardice is usually the companion of guilt.

Sancho. If he would not bring his sword, he should have brought you the money, to be sure.

Amico. He came up to me, and would fain have shaken hands: but I spurned him from me. At which, not at all abashed, he resumed the subject of the coffer; and hardily, and with many oaths denying the deposit I had made with him, he called a smile upon his countenance, and offered to lend me, 'in spite of my harsh treatment of him,' five hundred, or even a thousand ducats, upon my simple bond. To which I only replied by the terms, 'scoundrel, and coward;' and left him, to get a summons for his appearance here. This is my simple narrative, my Lord; and for the truth of every word of it, I solemnly appeal to heaven.

X

Sancho.

Sancho. It may be truth: but I am afraid, it is like that which lays (as the proverb says) at the bottom of the well; and is very hard to come at.

Car. I fear so too.

Sancho. You hear, *Defendant*, how grievous an accusation is made against you: it remains with you to disprove it.

Perfido. It is not a very easy matter, my Lord, to prove a negative. The proof of an accusation necessarily lays with the *Plaintiff*. But this case is so palpably improbable, and absurd, that I need only mention my high rank in life, my vast fortune, and unimpeached character, to induce your Lordship at once to nonsuit the plaintiff. But even, for argument sake, if it were possible that I could be so base, your Lordship certainly would not convict me on the bare assertion of a hot-headed lunatic.

(*AMICO starts indignantly at the expression.*)

See there, my Lord, how Don AMICO is convulsed with passion!—how wild, and haggard in his look!—I pity him; from the very bottom of my soul, I do: poor gentleman! his understanding once was excellent.

Car. He may be angry; or convulsed with passion, as you say: but he has given no other proof of a disordered intellect. On the contrary, it were not possible for any one to state his case more rationally, or more methodically.

Perfido. O, yes; he has his lucid intervals. But I would

would you had seen him this morning ; he was quite outrageous ; he foamed at the mouth ; and ranted, like a bad player : and when I strove to pacify him, he grew the more enraged ; and would have drawn his sword upon me :—on me, his once esteemed, and bosom friend : but, 'tis a vulgar observation, when dogs grow mad, they first attack their masters.

Amico. Dog in your teeth. Unmannered villain !

Car. Restrain your anger, sir ; and let the cause go on.

Amico. I do beg pardon of the court : and am myself again.

Sancho. Proceed then the Defendant.

Perfido. I think, I have done, my Lord. For what can I say further ? I might indeed repeat my observation ; that it behoves the *Plaintiff* to adduce full proof of what he has so daringly advanced : for want of which I necessarily stand acquitted. But, my Lord, give me leave to add, that to a mind, so exquisitely delicate as mine, a mere acquittal is not sufficient satisfaction. I look to the justice of this court, for honorable exculpation at least, if not for heavy, pecuniary damages. I trust, that you will not only publish, to the world at large, my innocence ; but that you will pass severe censure on Don AMICO for daring to bring forward so foolish, and so false a charge.

(SANCHO leaning his head upon his hand, appears to be absorbed in thought.)

X 2

Your

Your Lordship seems fatigued : I fear you think me tedious.

Sancho. Far from it, sir. I have listened most attentively : and am thinking how best to do you justice ; that is, to set your character in its truest light.

Perfido. Your Lordship is most generous. I shall be bound to pray for you, Vice-Duke, Vice-Governor, Lord SANCHE, as long as I have life, and memory.

Sancho. I think I've hit upon it, Don PERFIDO. Give me your best attention : and look me in the face. To have some color to proclaim your innocence, we must go step by step : and first, as a formality of office, you must permit our Alguazil to search your house.

Perfido. Most willingly, my Lord.

Sancho. (*Aside to CARRASCO :*) He does betray no sign of guilt : his countenance is steady. (*To PERFIDO :*) Deliver up your keys, sir.

Perfido. My Lord, I have not one about me. My wife keeps all the keys, when I am out. We are, although we have been ten years married, still a fond couple. I keep no drawers, nor secrets, hid from her.

Sancho. (*aside.*) I am glad of that. Do your servants know that you are in custody ?—in court, I mean ?

Perfido. No, my Lord : my servants know not that I am here.

Sancho. (*aside.*) So much the better. Does your dear lady know of it ?

Perfido.

Perfido. She knows that Don AMICO served me with a summons : but knows not for which day.

Sancho. (*aside.*) So much the better. Approach this table, fir : set down ; and take a pen and write.—

Perfido. Why write, my Lord ?—To whom ? and what ?

Sancho. I shall explain me presently. What is your lady's name ?

Perfido. I know not what her name has to do in the business : but, it is ISABELLA.

Sancho. Begin then, *Dear ISABELLA* : as an uxorious husband, no doubt, you always call her so ?

Perfido. I do, indeed, my Lord. But why *write* to her ? my house is only two streets off ; and I can carry any orders from your Lordship, and be back again instantly.

Sancho. Pray, do, fir, as you are ordered. I am but devising the readiest means of setting your character in a clear light.

Perfido. (*Writes.*) “Dear Isabella.”

Sancho. (*Dislates ; and PERFIDO writes :*) “In vain
“have I endeavoured to pacify Don AMICO :—he has
“carried me before Governor SANCHO ;—who is too
“shrewd for me ;—he has taken me by surprise ; and I
“have confessed”—Not I, indeed, my Lord ; I confess
nothing.

Sancho. Write on ; I order you. “I have confessed
“the embezzlement of the Don's ducats.”

Perfido.

Perfido. I cannot submit, my Lord, to write this. I would not seem to confess what never happened.

Sancho. If you are innocent write on. It is my humor. (SANCHO dictates; and PERFIDO writes :) "I am in actual custody; convicted; arraigned; and nothing can save me from immediate death, but restoration of AMICO's property.—Not a moment must be lost.—Therefore send, and instantly,—the DON's coffer—by the bearer, an officer of the court. Yours,

PERFIDO."

Perfido. There, my Lord: I have written it, according to your Lordship's humor; but I beseech you, send it not. My wife has so extremely delicate a frame, and such weak nerves, she will be cruelly alarmed.

Car. (Aside.) By the DON's apparent agitation, I begin to think she will be rather alarmed.

Sancho. Fold it up, fir: and give it to our Alguazil.

Perfido. Before you carry this joke any further, I must apprise your Lordship of one other circumstance;—my wife is *breeding*: you will consider therefore whether it may not have too serious consequence.

Sancho. O, never fear, fir; I will send her, at my own expence, my own phyfician; the most renowned *Diſt-Doffor TIRTEAFURKA*.

Alguazil! Take you the letter to the lady: demand the coffer: and come not back without it. If the DONNA swoon—as like enough she may—do you ſtill wait upon her;

her: 'tis charity, you know, to wait upon the sick. In short, I charge you on no account to quit the lady; not even if her fainting fit should last for hours: and when she be recovered, 'tis ten to one, she will requite you with five thousand ducats: which bring you hither.—
(ALGUAZIL *going*.) Harkee! Take four or five assistants with you; lest any of her servants prove refractory; in which case, up with your staff, and tip them the butt end of your authority. Go.

Exeunt ALGUAZIL, and four or five Officers.

Let DONS AMICO, and PERFIDO be reconducted into separate apartments, until the OFFICERS return.

Exeunt AMICO, and PERFIDO; separately guarded.

Enter NICHOLAS, reeling drunk.

Sancho. Hey-day! Whom have we here? Master NICHOLAS; reeling drunk!

Nich. No, Neighbour SANCHE; not drunk: but a little mellow.

Sec. "Neighbour SANCHE!" Is that your way of addressing a Lord-Chief-Justice, in his robes, and on the bench?

Nich. Ifackins! and so he is.—in his robes, and his perriwig; as fine as a bell-horse. I do most humbly crave your Lord-Chief-Justiceship's most gracious pardon. But, indeed, my Lord,—My Lord-Chief SANCHE,
—by

—by the lord Harry something I had to say, before I forgot it.

Car. No matter, man. Go *sleep* a little; and recollect yourself.

Nich. Ay; so it was: I recollect myself. I fell asleep; as that black gentleman says: and whilst I was asleep some of your household robbed me.

Sancho. I'm sorry for that. What have they robbed you of?—your razors, and wash ball?

Nich. I would it were no worse. A plague on 'em! they've robbed me of a couple of fine, fat, cold, roast ducks; and, what I loved still better, the red-wine sauce.

Sec. Impossible, my Lord: the glutton certainly has over-eat, and over-drunk himself; and since been dreaming of his over-good cheer.

Car. It must certainly be so: I recollect that, when at table, he made very free with the bottle.

Nich. A plague on 'em, again say I; they have been making too free with *my* bottle: a pack of thievish, knavish, *roguerish* rascallions! and took advantage of my sleep, too: and when I awoke, lord! how thirsty was I! Upon my soul, my Lord, if I had thought I should awake so dry, I would have drank another bottle before I went to sleep.

Car. Go to, you simpleton. It was the drinking so much made you wake so dry.

Nich.

Nich. Go to, for a simpleton yourself. "Drinking makes one dry?"—But, you are a university man, mayhap; and fond of par-a-rata-doxies.

Sancho. He is a *university* man, sure enough: but, not particularly fond of the doxies; that I ever heard of. What! don't you know your own curate, SAMPSON CARRASCO?

Nich. Ifackins! and so it is; our own LA MANCHA curate. And how the devil came you here, to this enchanted island?

Car. The same way that you did, afoot; and without even wetting my shoes. Have you forgot that we walked here together?

Nich. Good-lack! and so we did. And shall we not go home together?

Sancho. You must not talk of going home yet. I shall detain CARRASCO, as house-chaplain; until I can give him a bishopric. And you, NICHOLAS, are welcome to stay here, as long as you like your quarters, and your living.

Nich. Your living is most excellent, my Lord: I never desire to eat better, or drink better. Indeed it is impossible to fare better;—when one is *awake*, mind you; but, woe to them that go to sleep in BARATARIA; even in the governor's house. I am resolved, therefore, if I should pass six months with you, I will not go to sleep again.

Y

Car.

Car. How will you help yourself, Master NICHOLAS?

Nich. Ay; that leads me to the point. I cannot help myself: but my Lord-Chief Justice here, sitting in his robes, and perriwig, he can, and will: although, I have no doubt, his own servants wronged me; but no matter for that; he'll see me righted: *I am an honest man, do you see: and, may all rogues be hanged!* that is NICHOLAS'S motto.

Car. There must be something in all this: he harps so much upon it.

Sancho. Call in some of my people: a page, if there is any one in waiting.

Exit a servant: and enter BIZARRO.

Nich. Ay; that's the thief, I'll lay my life upon it. There is mischief in his look: and I dare say, my cold duck is now warming in his belly. Do, my Lord, let him be ripped up, before it is digested.

Sancho. BIZARRO, do you know of any trick that has been played this gentleman? I know, you pages are in general as mischievous as monkies; but, if I ever catch you at your pranks I'll pare your claws, depend upon it.

Biz. If I may speak out, my Lord, I can tell you of a prank; not played by me, but by that Gentleman Drunkard.—

Nich. "Drunkard" do you call me? thou little smock-faced miscreant. Take care of yourself; for, by
my

my cimetar, I swear—(my cimetar-razor, I mean,) if you do live to have a beard, I'll shave it close for you.

Car. Silence, thou prate-apace; and let the page go on.

Biz. No sooner had your Lordship, and Mr. Curate, quitted the eating-room, than this gormandizing guest, not contented with having eat and drank his belly full, began to pilfer. I, not liking his countenance, watched him well; for fear some of the silver spoons should walk off, by the help of hands: Master NICHOLAS, however, was all for the palate; and only pilfered a couple of ducks, and a bottle of wine: which I took the liberty to disburthen him of, as soon as he fell asleep.

Sancho. So, so: there has been pilfering, as NICHOLAS said: but he himself is an "honest man."—

Car. "And may all rogues be hanged!" that is NICHOLAS's motto."

Sancho. What have you to say for yourself?

Nich. I say, my Lord, your page BIZ—what d'you call him?—is a busy, wicked varlet; and a thief, by his own account: for he confesses that he robbed me.

Car. And are you, then, so stupidly drunk, as to persist in your having been robbed?

Nich. Drunk, or sober, I will persist in it; and will swear to it; again, and again: so do me justice.

Sancho. And justice shall be done you; since you insist

upon it. But, first answer me one plain question: how came *you* by the aforesaid couple of ducks?

Nich. 'Came by them?'—hah! I forgot that. Indeed, my Lord, I have forgotten how I came by them: but—I—I—I suppose they flew into my pocket.—

Sec. Ready-roasted, I suppose?

Car. And, the bottle of wine?—Did that fly into your pocket, too?

Sancho. Officer! take this drunken fellow into your custody. Conduct him to the town-gaol, and litter him down, for the night, with a little clean straw; and in the morning let a strong-handed beadle administer a score of lashes, fresh, and fasting.

Sec. Your Lordship has ordered him into a very cold place, where they keep no fire: would it not be better, —(with humble submission,)—if the beadle were to tell out half a dozen lashes to-night, by way of warming him?

Sancho. No interference, Mr. Secretary. Let him receive his correction when he is sobered.

Car. You judge rightly, sir: for, whilst a man continues drunk he has neither mental feeling, nor corporeal.

Nich. (*Struggling with the Constable.*) Hands off, I say. Do you think the Governor is in earnest? No; no: he is my very intimate friend. Yes, he is: that little, squab fellow, in his fine robe, and his flowing perriwig, is no other than my near-neighbour SANCHO PANZA.

Sancho.

Sancho. Away, away; familiar rogue: and quietly; or I shall order you a double dose.

Exeunt Officers, dragging out NICHOLAS by main force.

Car. Your public conduct, sir, in punishing this man, uninfluenced by private friendship, does you the highest honor: and could you always act with such propriety, I should wish you not only to be permanent governor of BARATARIA, but chief-justice of all SPAIN.

Enter ALGUAZIL, bringing in a coffer, which he puts down upon the table.

Sancho. So, so; you have recovered the coffer. Did you find it readily?

Alguazil. I should not, of myself, have found it readily, my Lord; for it was hidden under a heap of old bricks, and rubbish, in the corner of an out-house; and where I should never have thought of looking for a money box; but the DONNA had the goodness,—terrified, no doubt, at the contents of the letter,—to conduct me directly there; and, as her tears and sobs prevented her from articulating well, she pointed with her finger to the place: I searched; and found it.

Car. For which AMICO will gladly recompense you.

Enter, accompanied by Officers, PERFIDO; who starts at the sight of the coffer; and looks confounded. Then, enter AMICO; and other Officers.

Amico. Ah! do I see my coffer again? Thanks to your Lordship's sagacity, and prompt device. I can safely

safely swear to that being my coffer. It ought to have my initials at the end of it; if not obliterated: and if the lock has not been tampered with, I have the key in my pocket which certainly will open it.

Sancho. Then open it; and see if all your money bags are safe.

Car. Indeed, *PERFIDO*, I do not wonder that you look abashed, and hang your head.

Sancho. Yes, yes; he deserves to be hanged by the head. Certainly, *DON*, you can not have the effrontery any longer to deny that you purloined the coffer; since here it is in witness against you?

Perfido. No; my Lord: nor will I, to the baseness of the act, add the meanness of endeavouring to palliate it. I do confess in full my infamy. The temptation to enrich myself was much too strong for my weak principles; for I have been addicted to gambling, and avid of money all my life. I do confess my crime; and await punishment; without presuming to implore mercy; for I am sensible I not deserve it.

Amico. And yet, my Lord, if my intercession could mitigate his punishment, vilely as he has used me, methinks, I now could plead for him.

Sancho. You would but plead in vain, sir.

Car. And do yourself no small discredit. You, *DON AMICO*, may possibly, like many others, possess so little public virtue, as to be fully satisfied with having recovered

covered your property. But there is a *satisfaction* due also to the public; he has violated the laws of society, whose weal requires that he should meet with *exemplary* punishment. However, sir, to spare your feelings for a man you once esteemed, you may withdraw before the Governor passes sentence.

Sancho. Ay: and, paying your fees, you may take your coffer along with you. I need not tell you to take better care of it.

Exit AMICO, bowing.

What shall we do, brother, with this false friend; this thief of a wretch? shall we order him to be hung?

Car. His crime is certainly great: I look upon "Embezzlement" as a very heinous species of robbery; because it involves a breach of trust; and in this case it is aggravated further by a breach of friendship; but I am so averse to *shedding human blood*, in cases where other, adequate punishment may be substituted, that I can not give my voice for hanging *PERILDO*.

By the code of justice written in my own mind, I would not "take man's life away," except for "actual, or intended murder;" for "treason;" "firing houses,—or breaking into them, in dead of night;" and for "Robbery, attended with personal violence, or terrifying circumstances;" and for "certain personal violences, which I need not name." Nor do I say this clerically; nor from affected tenderness; but in natural justice, and
social

social policy; fully convinced of the real advantages which community would receive from a *COMMUTATION OF OUR SANGUINARY LAWS*.

Sancho. Most learned brother, you use hard words: explain.

Car. Then simply, thus. Instead of strangling able-bodied men; and wasting so much cord; and woollen afterwards to bury them; let them live on,—not for their own advantage, but the state's; let them be kept to hard, and constant labor, in mines, and quarries; in levelling roads; in building bridges; in cutting canals; in deepening, or embanking rivers; or in any other employ, which might locally benefit parishes; and generally tend to facilitate *COMMERCE*, or improve *AGRICULTURE*;—the “two only sources of wealth:” the one conducing to the *Nation's aggrandizement*, and the other to the *contentment of the people*.

Sancho. Be it as you say. *PERPIDO*, your life is spared; but, only to be rendered useful to the state: to whose use also we confiscate one half of your possessions; the other shall be assigned over to your wife, and dependent relatives. Degraded from the rank of gentleman, you must to the galleys.

Perfido. To work with low and common felons?

Car. Those “low, and common felons,” (as you call them,) are probably less base than you are: not having had the advantage of being so well instructed as yourself; and

not having been elevated by fortune so much above the temptation of a mean and wicked act.

Perfido. Your reproof is just: it comes too home to me. I go most miserable; but I have no right to murmur.

Exeunt PERFIDO, and two Officers.

Sancho. There is no other cause this evening?

Sec. None, my Lord.

Sancho. 'Tis well; for I am weary. I will go take a nap; and 'then to supper: where I expect you, good CARRASCO. In the mean time amuse yourself.

Car. I will, sir.

Exeunt all but SECRETARY, and CARRASCO.

Stop half a minute, Mr. SECRETARY: I want a word with you. I am puzzled with the events of this day: the whole is a perfect riddle to me; but I am fully persuaded that you are in the secret, and can, if you think proper, explain it all to me.

Sec. I must not yet, sir. Have patience only for another hour; and if the events do not unriddle themselves, I promise you I will.

Car. Oh! I can have patience for an hour, or longer: for, though I sometimes wear a robe, I am not a woman; — I shall not die with curiosity.

Exeunt.

Z

ACT

* * * *As I feel myself flattered by the Reader's doubting, whether the CAUSES (of AMICO and PERFIDO, and JUSTO and AVARO,) be Cervantes's, or not; the least I can do is to save him a fruitless search, by declaring they are not.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Front of the Palace ; Sentinels at the Door.

Enter SANCHICA, and TERESA.

Sanchica.

DEAR me! how you limp, mother.

Teresa. 'Limp,' child? and well I may; considering what corns I have. I have not been so *wearisomed* this many a day: no not since last SAINT CYPRIAN; when I drove here, to the fair, our great fat sow, and her whole litter of pigs: a pack of little, plaguing devils! some tumbling into the cart ruts, and others into the ditches: I thought I should never have got my pigs to market.

Sanchica. I think there were fourteen of them: you must indeed have had a troublesome job of it.

Teresa. Yes, marry! had I. I might almost as well have been teacher to a boarding school, and had so many girls to take a-walking.

Sanchica. Pray, mother; was it to this very same BARATARIA that you came?

Teresa. Yes, to be sure it was: I don't know of any other.

Sanchica. I hope that no one here will recollect you. I should be shocked to death, if some day when we are airing in our state coach, one of our subjects should cry out, "see what it is to be born with a silver spoon in
"one's

"one's mouth! Last saint Cyprian day Dame PANÇA
drove her pigs here before her: and now she rides in
her coach." "Ay, ay; (replies another,) she has
brought her pigs to a fine market at last."

Teresa. Never fear, child: I warrant they shall not
know me again. I will carry my head so high; and give
myself so many airs; they shall swear I was born a
dutchess.

Sanchica. And I will act the princess most marvellously.

Teresa. Do, child, inquire of somebody, which is the
governor's palace?

Sanchica. This certainly must be it, mother; with
two fine captains at the door.

Teresa. Ay, like enough.

Sanchica. (*To the sentinel.*) Pray, captain Whiskers, is
this the governor's palace?

Sentinel. Yes, my pretty lass: would you speak with
any of the servants?

Sanchica. 'Servants!' Mr. Saucebox. Please to know
me better.

Sentinel. Most willingly, my little rosebud: where
do you lodge? I shall be off guard in half an hour, and
at your service.

Teresa. What does the fellow say?

Sentinel. 'Fellow,' indeed! None of your familiar
language,

language, Mrs. Draggletail: I am a foldier and a gentleman.

Teresa. You are a saucy scoundrel: and I'll have you cashiered, for calling me 'draggletail.' Let me pass.

Sentinel. (*Obstructing her way.*) Not till I know who you are; and what is your business here.

Teresa. To your confusion, then; know me for the *Vicious-Queen* Dutcheß* TERESA, lawful wife of King SANCHE THE GREAT.

Sentinel. I cry your mercy. (*Presents his arms; and lets her pass.*)

SANCHICA *would pass also; SENTINEL stops her:* You are not his wife also; no, my dear; you shall be mine: we'll bed to-night; and wed to-morrow: that's the foldier's fashion.

Sanchica. Immodest wretch! you *perfectly* shock me. You do not know, mayhap, that you are insulting the ears of *Princess* SANCHICIANA PANACINA? If you were not such a handsome young fellow, I'd have you hanged for it. Know me for a princess, and let me pass.

Sentinel. (*Presents his arms; and lets her pass.*) Queen! and Princess!—Yes, of the gypsey kind, they may be. But I shall notice them as they come out; for, doubtless, they'll stuff their pockets with all they can steal.

SCENE

* Vice-Queen.

SCENE II. *A Room, having a door of communication with an Inner-Room.*

(Firing of Guns is heard.)

Enter REZIO, and SECRETARY; and SERVANTS, bringing in a suit of armour, a huge sword, and enormously large shield. They knock at the inner door.

Servants. Lord Sancho! Lord Sancho!

(They knock louder.)

Rez. & Sec. What, ho! Lord Governor SANCHE! My Lord! my Lord!

Sancho. (From within.) What the devil's the matter now? Is the house a-fire?

Rez. Not yet; but it may be presently.

Servants. (Knocking again.) Make haste, make haste, my Lord; the people want you: come forth, and fight.

Sancho. (Still from within.) What mean you, varlets, by this infernal noise? How dare you break in upon the repose of your Lord and Governor?

Servants. A pretty governor, truly; to be sleeping when the enemy is at hand!

Sancho. 'Enemy!' What enemy?

(Firing of Guns.)

Servant. You hear 'em now, my Lord: don't you? The foe is firing heavy artillery.

Sancho.

Sancho. I hear a devil of a noise. Where does the foe come from ?

Servant. From all quarters of the world.

Sec. All to beset our little island. Up, my Lord, and animate our troops ; or poor BARATARIA is lost to you, and all of us.

Rez. Be quick, be quick ; my Lord.

Sancho. A little patience : and let me rub my eyes ; that I may look about me.

Enter other SERVANTS.

Servants. Where, where is my Lord, the Governor ?

Rez. I am much afraid he is ill ; and has not heart to open the door.

Servants. Well, well ! we'll do that for him. Make way for the pioneers : we'll soon have the door down.

SANCHO comes forth aghast.

Sancho. No violence, good gentlemen, whatever you are ; friends, or foes.

Sec. We are your friends ; and of your household : and bring you armour ; for the battle rages terribly.

Sancho. On with my armour, then : it seems to be very old, and rusty : but mayhap it will bear a beating.

Servant. (*Helping him on with the corselet.*) Ay, many a one, I hope.

Sancho. What, you hope, then, I shall have many a beating

beating? You shall have the first, however; that you shall, you scoundrel. (*SANCHO beats him off the stage.*) If it were only *fifty cuffs*, I should not so much mind it: but, “for these vile *guns*,”—(as the man says in the play,)—“which many a fine, tall fellow”—(like myself)—“have kill’d most cowardly;” I sicken when I think of them.

Servant. Indeed your Honor trembles, as if you were in an ague fit. We’ll leave you to the doctor: and here’s your shield: and a sword too; but I don’t think you’ll be fit to use it.

Exeunt SERVANTS; leaving the sword and shield.

Rez. You do tremble, indeed, most piteously!

Sancho. Every joint of me: I own it, doctor. I am much fitter for my bed than for the field. Do, doctor, feel my pulse. Order me to my chamber again; and prescribe for me a gallon or two of sack-poffet.

Rez. (Feeling his pulse.) A very, very bad pulse, indeed; tremulous, and intermitting. I do not think that you can live the night over unless you let the surgeon,—or the enemy—take a little blood from you.

Sec. But have a care they do not take too much; for, in my life I never saw such formidable lancets. You noticed, doctor, the giant grenadiers who scaled the outer walls of the palace. What dreadful cimeters they have; or rather scythes! They cut a man in two with as much ease as a gardener does a wasp with a pair of shears.

Rez.

Rez. They do indeed make dreadful carnage: especially those *Anthropophagians*; who with their teeth tear off flesh collops streaming with blood.

Sancho. Oh—h—h!

Sec. How grim, and horrible their visages, with gore-died, clotted whiskers! But, see! my Lord is fainting. (*Runs to support SANCHO.*) Prescribe, and quickly, doctor; or his Lordship dies.

Rez. Let him be carried to the field of battle; there where the fight is hottest. He must be animated, roused, stirred up; his blood is sluggish, black, and cowardly.

Sec. You think, then, doctor, a few hard blows would do him good?

Rez. The harder the better. Palsied as he is with fear, nothing is so likely to bring him to himself, as a shock of electricity given by the point or edge of a broad-sword.

Sec. Ay; if he had still any life in him. But, I do fear, he has not. He seems to me so dead that one might ram him into a mortar, and let him off without recovering him. I have been twitching his nose; and lugging his ears; but all in vain: it seems to me that he has no feeling left. Shall we send for the undertaker, and have him buried out of hand?

Rez. He's hardly worth the trouble of burying. We had better convert his carcase to some use, as you said. Let us throw him out of window, on the platform; and when the gunners have expended all their *bombs*, let them make use of *his*.

Sec.

Sec. I warrant it will prove a terrible stink-pot.

Rez. More especially as he died with fear: I don't like to go very near him: but I must help you to throw him out of window.

Sec. Ay, do; lend a hand, and take up a leg.

Rez. Which is the largest window?—for it must not be a little one for his fat paunch to pass through. O, that one will do.

(*As they are about to drag him away, SANCHE springs up, and passionately upbraids them.*)

Sancho. Why, how now! you most monstrously cruel, barbarous, and bloody BARATARIANS, is this a way of treating a sick governor?—ram him into a mortar, dead or alive?—and make him food for powder? I'll have you hanged for this, ye traitors: for, know, I did but *stam*.

Sec. Most honoured Lord, we knew that very well; and only meant to try how far you would carry your joke.

Sancho. Ay; but if you had *carried* your joke a very little farther, you would have put a fatal end to it.

Sec. Not we; indeed, sir.

Rez. Our duty and allegiance would not suffer us to do you harm, sir. On the contrary, by dragging you to yon open casement, we only meant to revive you; by the freshness of the air, if you were *really* faint; and by

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frightening

frightening you, if you did but *sham*: for I have known many a big man, before you, put himself upon the 'sick list,' when he was wanted for 'actual service.'

Sec. Ay, Doctor; there are very many in BARATARIA, and elsewhere, who, with all their swaggering, would stay at home and swallow your most nauseous drugs, rather than be blooded with a pike-lancet.

Sancho. By my soul, and so would I: for, full or fasting, I never had a stomach for fighting: and, whatever my diet-doctor may say, I think there is nothing so indigestible as a leaden bullet.

Rez. Why, man, you run no risk either from hot lead or cold iron: they never can get into your stomach whilst you keep that corselet on.

Sancho. Not into my stomach, may be; but would it not be bad enough to have a bullet in my mouth, without swallowing it?—or in my brain? my corselet will not save my head.

Sec. True, sir: and, therefore, in full care of you we have provided you with an enormous, and impenetrable shield.

Sancho. It is a *normous* one, indeed. If it were not quite so heavy, it might do for a tilt to a waggon.

Rez. And here, sir, is a suitable, unerring lance. It, and the shield, of true, vulcanian workmanship: made for the most valorous knight, the great *ACHILLES*.

Sancho.

Sancho. Why this same knight 'Kill-us' must certainly have been an Irish giant. And I am but a dwarf comparatively. I don't think I have strength enough to poize this lance: Hey, Secretary; do stand just before me, and let me see if I can pink your doublet.

Sec. I'd rather be excused, sir. (*skipping aside.*)

Sancho. As to this shield, I can hardly hold it upright: it is impossible that I should sally forth with it to meet the enemy.

Rex. Well, then, stay here, and wait for them. I heard the clang of arms within this minute. I'm sure they're coming.

Sec. Before we go, sir; do let us see you put yourself in goodly posture. You need not stir a foot from where you are. Your shield still resting on the ground; and supported by your left arm; you may play at peep-bo, from behind it; and with your lance in your right hand you may kill the fellows as fast as they come on.

(*SANCHO handles his arms ridiculously all this while.*)

Or, if they come in great numbers indeed, and fight for many hours, hand to fist; you may, when you have killed one half of them, and grow fatigued,—crouch down upon the ground, beneath your shield; till you recover breath; and then start up, and kill the rest.

Sancho. I'll do't: this shield has given me confidence: but, mark me; instead of half, I'll kill three-fourths of them, in my first fury: and then I'll crouch me down

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beneath

beneath the shield, and growling, like a lion in his den, I'll kill the rest with very fear of me.

Sec. A very good thought that ; do so. Only be sure you kill them ; no matter how. So, sir, your servant.
(*Going.*)

Sancho. But, stop a moment.

Rez. What ! to be killed ourselves ? Consider, sir, we have no armour, to secure us.

Sancho. But, are you very sure, this shield is gun and pistol proof ?

Sec. Ay, cannon proof : the shock of a twelve pounder might stun you a little, or so : but could not break your shell.

Sancho. Then will I crouch me down as snug within it as a snail.

Sec. And just as insignificant. Ha, ha, ha !

Rez. Only, like a cowardly cuckold, be sure you draw in your horns.

Exeunt REZIO, and SECRETARY, laughing.

Sancho. Why, what the devil do these fellows laugh at ? They know that I am married : but I hope they do not know my wife. And if they do ? the worst trick they can play me, will be but a step for me to heaven.

(*Clasbing of arms behind the scene.*)

O, lud ! O, lud ! what noise is that ? Though I was talking of heaven, I do not wish to be sent there yet.

(*Crouching*)

(Crouching upon his knees, and drawing the shield partly over him.)

A little while since I did affect boldness : and I likened myself unto a ' lion in his den ; ' because I was fain to talk like a governor : but the truth is, the peasant has now got the better of me ; and I do feel that instead of a lion in his den, I do much more nearly resemble a pig under a penthouse.

(Clashing of swords, &c. again.)

There's bloody work again : and very near me. I warrant now they are killing all my body guards : next they will proceed to this poor body of mine. I would it were poor, and less ; and then it would not be so good to find. Would that I were a snail indeed !—ay ;—or a little periwinkle !—an oyster in its bed !—a mite in a cheese ! or any thing, in short, rather than a governor, fishing in troubled waters !

(Clashing of swords, &c. very near.)

Now indeed I must shrink. O, penthouse, penthouse ; prove thou firm. *(Crouches down close.)*

Enter BIZARRO, FANTASTICO, and other Pages, Servants, Cooks, &c. making a clash with old armour, spits, and ladles, &c.

Biz. (In a feigned gruff voice.) This way ; this way ; my brave, and blood thirsty Turkish Janizaries. The cowardly Governor must certainly be hidden in some of these apartments. You will soon meet with him ; and spare

spare him not ; but pink him well, my lads ; through, and through his carcase, until you have made it like a cullender. I promise you a piafter a piece for every hole you drill quite through him.

Fant. What, then, must we kill him, noble captain ; must we kill him outright ? Or, take him alive, and put him to the torture ?

Biz. Well thought of, that : do take him alive, if possible. But as our Turkish torturing instruments are not severe enough, we'll borrow those of the *holy* fathers of the Spanish inquisition.

Fant. This way, my comrades ; grasp firm your cimeters : but, mind me ; you of the first rank ; be sure you wield your cimeters with great dexterity. Remember, you are not to kill the Governor ; or cut him down at once ; but carve him leisurely, by piecemeal : let one lop off his nose ; and another his chin ; and others his ears : and his legs, or arms, in the same way.

Biz. And you, ye pikemen, in the second rank ; be sure you do not wound him in the head, or pierce him in the heart ; for that would be putting an end to his pain at once ; and defeat our intentions of putting him to the torture. As to you, archers, with your barbed, poisoned arrows ; remember you are not to let fly, unless the Governor attempt to fly ; in which case draw a fatal arrow and fix him to the ground. Along ; along !

Exeunt, shouting, and clashing their arms.

Sancho.

Sancho. (*Lifting up part of his shield.*) 'A nose,—and a chin,—and one ear after another!' Why, what deliberate, bloody-minded dogs these Turks are!

I have escaped so far, because they over-run the scent, and would not stoop to peep under my penthouse. But, should they return this way, they certainly will make closer search.—Sure, I hear footsteps: close, close.

Enter TERESA and SANCHICA.

Sanchica. Pray, mother, do not weep so: my father may yet escape.

Teresa. Ay, child: but it is not only for him I grieve: it is not merely because his *life* is in danger; but his *crown* also: so that I am in danger of not being a queen.—

Sanchica. And I not a princess. Our case indeed is truly lamentable.

Teresa. Was there ever such a cruel *disbalkment*! How fallen am I from all my hugeous hopes! It was worth while, indeed, to hurry here, upon my poor ten toes, with half a hundred corns, to be made a Lady Queen Governess of; as I imagined: and to behold King SANCHE upon the very top-most round of the ladder of glory! instead of which we have all tumbled into the well of misfortune.

Sanchica. I beseech you, madam, do not *postrophise* so very *peribetically*; you will make me weep, too: and then my eyes will be red.

Teresa.

Teresa. Did you not observe, child, as we peeped in at the kitchen window, what a confusion every thing was in? cooks and scullions all running about helter-skelter, with carving-knives by way of swords; and dripping-pans for shields?

Sancho. Yes: and I overheard one of them say, "Remember, you varlets, that I am to be the grand Turk, and you are all my *Jennies-and-Sarabs*." * And then they took a swig of ale each; and swore they'd go to the Governor.

Teresa. In order to protect him, doubtless.

Sancho. But, then, another said—"There was no use in going; for his *Lord-Sanchoship* was already dead with fear." Poor father! Is it all over with thee, then?

Teresa. To say the truth, it was all his own fault, if he has lost his life: I must think of that by way of consolation. It was intirely his own seeking. What business had he to go with his mad master, *QUIXOTE*, in quest of bears, and wolves; and giants, dwarfs, and *damfels*? He had better have stayed at home, and taken care of me. So I will weep no more for him, a runagate. He does not deserve the tears of such a loving wife as I have been.

Sancho. (*Aside, raising a little of his shield.*) Devilish loving; and devilish wife-like, truly!

Teresa. I owe him, however, this christian charity: I hope, as he *is* dead, his carcase will not be left above ground;

* Janizaries.

ground ; to feed carrion crows. I wish him to be buried deep, ay, very deep indeed.

Sancho. (Aside.) That is for fear I should come to life again. If this loving wife of mine were to find me *hanging*, she would add her weight to mine ; and whilst she were exclaiming. "oh ! my poor, dear husband !" would take especial care to strangle me outright.

Sanchica. Poor father ! after all, though he used to snub me, and make me curry down dapple, he was my father !

Teresa. What, are you going to cry, too ? Don't you know what a very great *Philosopher* has somewhere said, "tears cannot wash our dearest relation out of the grave again."

Sancho. (Aside.) Not the tears of my wife, I am sure ; nor those of my daughter neither.

Sanchica. Since it is so, mother,—for you must certainly have heard and read a great deal when you were abigail,—

Teresa. O ! yes, my mistress and I read nothing but *NOVELS* ; which are so full of sentimental *philosophy*, that she became quite a reclaimed woman ; and, latterly, never had above one gallant at a time,—besides her husband.

Sanchica. And I think, mother, you have had only one particular visitor lately ?

Sancho. (Aside.) So, so ; I shall have the *pleasure* of learning family secrets.

Teresa. And farmer TRAMPOSO, you know, never

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comes

comes but in the absence of my husband. And that NOVEL-WRITERS call the very *quintessence* of delicacy.

Sanchica. Well, mother, as you have had the advantage of studying NOVELS, I shall endeavour to copy after you; and living up to such excellence, never have above one gallant at a time.

Teresa. That is right, child. Be you but commonly dutiful, and you shall live with me until I get a second husband.—

Sanchica. Or I a first. And the sooner we get the one and the other, the better, I say.

Teresa. And so do I. Pray, my dear, don't you think I shall look very well in weeds?

Sanchica. Remarkably so; I warrant. Black crape cannot fail to set off your olive complexion: and my ruddy cheeks will not misbecome a light gray program.

Teresa. By the bye, SANCHICA, how oddly dreams fall out. The night before last, when I was in a very sweet sleep, I dreamt that I was sitting under our fig-tree with JOHNNY TRAMPOSO; when, amongst other very gallant things, he said to me, "I long, oh! my lovely, and amiable TERESA,—I long to see you in (what would so well become you) 'widow's weeds.'—But I flatter myself, you would not have the cruelty to wear them long." Well! certainly TRAMPOSO, considering his age, is a very bewitching man.

Sanchica. So you may think, mother. But, TRAMPOSO

the son, for my money. If he is not quite so handsome as his father, he is certainly younger.

Teresa. Well, well; we shall not be rivals, SANCHICA: I do not love green fruit.

Sanchica. I do, and dearly, too: so let us go home, and please our palates. You may take your old, withered John-Apple, and I my young Codlin.

Teresa. We will just go and inquire first whether poor SANCHE is safe in the ground; and then will return home.

Exeunt TERESA, and SANCHICA.

Sancho. (*Partly raising his shield.*) Away with you, for a couple of dear, dutiful, tender hearted creatures! and, if you should both of you break your necks in your way home, I will shed as many tears for you, as you have for me.

Hark! are the enemy coming again? at any rate they cannot be worse than my own family traitors, who have just left me.

(*Covers himself.*)

Enter CARRASCO, meeting REZIO, and SECRETARY.

Car. Well met, gentlemen. Prithee, inform me, where is the Governor?

Sec. Where a Governor should be, to be sure; at the head of his troops, closely engaged with the enemy; not only encouraging his men with lofty words, but animating them by his brave example.

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Car.

Car. Excuse me, gentlemen; but I know my townsmen too well to give easy credit to such an account.

Rez. And yet I do assure you, sir, that no hero ever fought in *such* a manner:—HECTOR himself never *so* used a falchion: nor AJAX *so* bore his shield. O, what dexterity he has! Not a shower of arrows would annoy him.

Car. Astonishing! I have seen SANCHO engaged at fifty-cuffs; and heard that he can play at cudgels; and Mr. SECRETARY knows that he can handle a knife and fork well; (when you, Doctor, will let him;) but, as to his laying manfully about him with any other weapons, in sooth I did not suspect him of it.

Enter NICHOLAS.

Hey! Master NICHOLAS escaped from prison?

Sec. The barber-surgeon here again? and *feber* too?

Nich. And pray, Mr. Impertinent, when did you ever see me otherwise?

Car. Within these few hours; I can bear witness.

Nich. Nay, if you say so, good Mr. Curate, I will certainly knock under. Else would I have broken this jackanape's head, for him. But, do tell me what means all this hurly-burly in the palace? not only the footmen but the very cooks and scullions, men and boys, are all up in arms; and breathing vengeance against the Governor; whom they reproach with rank cowardice; and instead of stuffing his unwieldy paunch any more, they swear

swear they'll make a hash of him himself. But, they shall cut me into mince meat first. In spite of their carving knives, and skewers, I shall draw my razor, and stand by my townsman. And woe be to him that comes near NICHOLAS, when he is in a passion: he knows how to shave a man, without lathering.

Car. I always admired your spirit, NICHOLAS: but it is truly magnanimous in you to risk your life in defence of one who so lately ordered the beadle to lash your back for you.

Nich. What lashes are you talking of? and when? and what for?

Car. For getting beastly drunk at dinner time. His worship, SANCHE, (when I was with him on the bench,) ordered you a score; and how you have escaped them, I can't tell.

Nich. And how long, pray, has His Worship been such an enemy to drunkenness? Do not I know him well? Is there any man in LA MANCHA that can hold a flaggon so long to his head as he can: and let the liquor run down faster? Have not I seen him a thousand times in the attitude? gazing at the moon, or stars, with all the patience of an astronomer?

Sec. It was not for mere tippling, sir, that you were ordered to the cart's tail; but for purloining also a couple of ducks; and a bottle of wine. Have you forgot all that?

Nich. Why, now you mention it, I have some confused recollection

recollection of having pouched a duck or two. And therefore I must for certain have been drunk : for then I am as provident as a pismire ; and carry away whatever eatables I can lay my hands on.

Rez. That ' provident ' care, as it may be called by the light-fingered gentry of LA MANCHA, goes by the name of ' thieving ' at BARATARIA : and therefore I advise you, Master Barber, to leave our town immediately ; for, if the beadle should again lay hold of you, you may not so easily slip through his fingers, as you did the first time.

Nich. Your advice, Doctor, for once in your life, may be good : and I'll take the benefit of it.

Rez. It is the only recipe to keep your skin whole.

Nich. Well, then, I am off ; good bye, CARRASCO ; you'll be back by funday, I suppose : that's your market day, you know. Remember me to SANCHE. And so your servant. (*Going.*)

Sancho. (*Without raising his shield.*) What, ho ! neighbour NICHOLAS ! neighbour NICHOLAS !

Nich. Mercy on me ! Whence is that hollow voice ? It must be SANCHE's.—Or his ghost's.—Or the devil's own self, coming to fetch me away. Oh ! save me ; save me, CARRASCO ! you, who are a good man ; and neither afraid of ghosts, nor devils ; do speak to it : but, civilly.

Car. It was not me it called to : why should I answer ?

Sancho. (*As before.*) It is neither ghost, nor devil :
though

though I am half way towards being one or the other : for I am half suffocated ; and have not strength to lift up my penthouse.

Nich. 'Penthouse !' 'penthouse !' what does that mean ? It must be SANCHO's voice, for certain : but whether from his chamber, or his coffin, who can say ?

Rez. Or from the court-yard ; was it not ?

Sec. Ay ; like enough : for there it was, I from the north-west turret saw the Turks and Tartars fixing their rack, and instruments of torture.

Sancho. (*Groans :*) Oh—h—h—h !

Nich. What instruments of torture do you speak of ?

Sec. The usual ones : a rack ; and ropes ; and chains : caldrons of molten lead ; and pitch and brimstone : fire, and faggots.—

Sancho. (*Jumping up, and throwing back his shield.*) Fire, and faggots ; say you ? and caldrons of molten lead ! oh, save me ; save me !

Nich. And save me, too ! but, I am glad to see you so far safe.

Sancho. No, no ; not safe. I am already on the rack ; and human furies tearing me.—And lo ! here they are.

Enter TERESA, and SANCHICA.

Teresa. (*Running up to SANCHO.*) Shall I once more embrace thee then ?

Sancho. (*Running away from her.*) No, never, never.

Teresa.

Teresa. Do you then fly me, SANCHO? Is this a fit reception for such a dutiful fond wife as I am? O, you are a cruel, hard-hearted, barbarous, and inhuman monster!

Sancho. And who *made* a monster of me; if I am one? Answer me that.

Sancho. Why, father, do you snub poor mother so? You don't know how many tears we have both shed for you, supposing you were dead.

Sancho. Yes, minx, I do: I know how many,—or how *few*, you both of you have shed for me.

Teresa. Was it for this I rushed a second time through the kitchen, forcing my way through a troop of *Jennies-and-sarabs*, in order to get a last look at you?

Sancho. Yes, yes; you wished to see the last of me; in order that you might return to LA MANCHA, and put on graceful widow's weeds.

Teresa. Unkind, unjust suspicion!

Sancho. (*Imitating his wife's voice:*) "Don't you think, child, I shall look well in weeds? I dreamt the other night, I was sitting under our fig-tree with handsome old JOHNNY TRAMPOSO, who said to me very gallantly, most lovely and adorable TERESA, I do long to see you in widow's weeds; but surely you would not have the cruelty to wear them long." "Oh! this JOHNNY TRAMPOSO is a very charming man!"

Teresa. (*Aside:*) My husband must be a wizard; how else could he have known that?

Sancho.

Sancho. (*Imitating his daughter's voice.*) And you, Miss; pray when do you intend putting on your "gray program?"—"TRAMPOSO *the son*, for your money. If he is not quite so handsome as his father, he is—(O, wonderful to tell!) much younger."

Sanchica. (*Aside:*) My father is a conjuror, for certain!

Sancho. I am glad at least that there is no danger of your pulling caps. You, TERESA, will take the "old John apple; because you do not love green fruit: but SANCHICA does; and that dearly."

Teresa. I do not know what all this means; some very malicious devil has been giving you false intelligence: but if you are a good christian, you will not believe what evil spirits say.

Sancho. It is very true, indeed, TERESA; I did get my intelligence from a couple of very evil spirits; from two very worthless, wicked devils: and you are the very two: so, out upon you: away with you both.

Car. Indeed, SANCHE, you treat your family too harshly. Your wife is a thoroughly good woman.

Sancho. That she's a thorough woman, I do not deny: but, I'll maintain it, she is a wicked wife.

Car. You wrong her, SANCHE: indeed you do. Come, no more quarrelling; but take her under one arm, and your daughter under the other, and go back lovingly to LA MANCHA.

Cc

Sancho.

Sancho. 'Go back with them?' I would rather stay here and be flayed by the Turks.

Car. As SANCHE is not in very good humor; you women must make advances, take you hold of him, each by an arm, and lead him away with you.

Teresa. Come along, dear husband; come home, I pray you.

Sanchica. Ay, do good father, come home; for it is very late.

Sancho. (*Breaking from them.*) Body o'me! shall a Vice-Duke, and Governor, submit to this?—be dragged home like a drunken laborer, on a saturday night?—taken away from his pot companions by main force?

Teresa. No, my dear, not by force; but by persuasion: do, dearest let me prevail upon you to go home: do for once oblige your own little wifey.

Sancho. Hands off! touch me not; wife for BARABAS! what, *will* you lay hold of me? why then I'll lay hold of you. There; take that; and that.

(*Beating her off the stage.*)

And you, you minx, away with you: follow your dam.—I have sent her off to TRAMPOSO: and tramp you after her. (*Beating off SANCHICA.*)

Car. For shame, man: this conduct is downright brutal. Make haste after them: accompany them home.

Sancho. Accompany them yourself, an' you like it: for my part I do not like their company.

Rex.

Rez. What a bashaw this fellow is!

Sec. He is indeed. Pray, Mr. Governor—that was,—

Sancho. What, are you there, my precious secretary, my clerk, interpreter, my aid-de-camp, my every thing? do venture out, and reconnoitre the enemy: for I would fain give them the go-by.

Sec. I will insure you: you may get safe to LA MANCHA.

Sancho. I don't want to go there, man. I want to wait upon the Duke; to truck this kingdom of mine for some other out of the reach of these terrible Turks, and Tartars. By the bye, I suppose they are all in camp, and at supper; for I have not heard any thing of them lately.

Sec. It is very likely they are in the kitchen, at supper.

Sancho. Not in this my palace, I hope. The dogs will breed a famine here.

Car. 'Your palace,' SANCHO? It is high time to undeceive you: though I think it hardly possible for you to be so dull, stupid, and besotted, as not to perceive——

Sancho. Hey, Mr. CARRASCO; what language is this—"dull, stupid, and besotted!"—I shall think you are all this, if you do not treat a Governor with more respect.

Car. Respect for an oaf, a fool, an ass——

Sancho. (Hollas.) What ho! who waits?—My pages,—servants,—guards!—

Sec. All gone to supper, sir.

Sancho. (Hollas louder.) By my authority, I'll make you know—

Car. And I'll make *you* know, too; I'll make you know yourself for what you are: a mere Mock Governor; a puppet for the Duke to play with; the jest; the joke; the laughing-stock; the object of derision, for all the Duke's household, and all the habitants of BARATARIA to scoff, and point the finger at.

Sec. (Laughing at him.) Indeed, sir, it is very true.

Sancho. What is true?

Rez. That you are only a Mock-Governor; a puppet of the Duke's; the jest, the joke, the laughing-stock, the object of derision; for us of the household, and all the inhabitants of this town, to scoff, and point the finger at. Ha, ha, ha!

Sancho. (Half aside.) Egad! I begin to think it is so. Secretary, do you explain it to me. Am I, or am I not Vice-Duke, and Governor of this island of BARATARIA?

Sec. So surely as it is an island.

Sancho. (To Rezio.) What, then, will you say? Am I, or am I not your Governor?

Rez. As surely as this is an island,

Sancho.

Sancho. Go to, CARRASCO: you are only envious of my good fortune: and yet you should not be; for I have promised you the first vacant bishopric.

Car. And which I shall have, as surely as BARATARIA is an island.

Sancho. As for NICHOLAS, indeed, I have promised him nothing, except a whipping.

Nich. Which I beg not to receive, till BARATARIA be an island.

Sancho. There is some joke in that word "island," which I do not comprehend.

Car. There is indeed. It is that very word which makes your folly most conspicuous.—That you, a mere peasant, a bumpkin, a clodpoll, ignorant even of the globe's division into land, and water,——

Sancho. What, a plague! don't I know a field from a horse-pond?——

Car. That a fellow who does not know the difference betwixt an island, and a continent, should fancy himself qualified to govern a kingdom!

Rez. Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!

Sec. Such a downright ignoramus, that he was afraid that the Turkish fleet should come overland, and moor in the court yard!

All. (*Laugh at him.*) Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!

Sancho.

Sancho. Enough, enough, gentlemen: I begin to be sensible of the folly, and absurdity of my ambition. I find that I have made myself very, very ridiculous, indeed.

Nich. Not a little so, in sooth. I think, therefore, *Mr. Quondam-Governor*, to avoid being plaguily laughed at, you had better shift your quarters.

Sancho. I think so, too: and therefore as soon as I can pannel Dapple, I will be off.

Rex. Not quite in such a hurry, I hope. After the fatigue and fright of this evening's campaign, you should take something to recruit your spirits.

Sec. By all means, *SANCHO*: you must sup with us. And though you are no longer Governor, I promise you, you shall fare as well as if you were.

Rex. Ay; and much better, too; for I, the late Diet-doctor *TIRTEAFUERA*, have broken my staff of office: and therefore may you, instead of starving like a Mock-Governor, stuff your paunch like real *SANCHO*. And *NICHOLAS* too shall be heartily welcome to another hearty meal.—

Sec. If he will keep guard upon his “pickers, and stealers.” And then we shall all part friends again, as we met.

Nich. I am sure I do not bear malice; I will take a cup of peace with you, with all my heart.

Sancho.

Sancho. And I'm sure it is no part of *my* nature to be sulky: I will therefore sup royally with you to night; and skulk away betimes in the morning; before any of my late subjects be up, to make a mock again of their "Mock-Governor."

No more shall idle dreams of pomp, and state,
Or waking wish of being rich and great,
Intrude themselves into poor *SANCHO's* pate. }
For oft I've heard, but never knew till now,—
The PEASANT's proper sceptre is—his PLOUGH.

KARLINNA

KARLINNA, AND LOTHARIO.

An ECLOGUE.

*Ipse Semipaganus**Ad sacra vaturn carmen affero nostrum.*

PERSIUS.

Is it permitted to a semi-clown
To lash the lewd LOTHARIOS of the town?

KARLINNA counted summers seventeen,
When first by gay LOTHARIO she was seen.
As near her father's farm he chanced to pass
He saw, and grew enamour'd of the lass:
Enamour'd—as the Great are wont to be
Of lasses of subordinate degree:—
Not with that true affection, that love's test,
Which is by bliss communicating blest:
His was mere brutal passion: to destroy
Her peace of mind would not impede his joy.
He thought that riches gave a man a right
To gratify his every appetite.
Nor only made he of her person sure
Because himself was rich, and she was poor;
But that her father was his tenant, too:
Which gave him right, he thought, the daughter to undo.
Base thought! perversion of that power which heaven
For other, fitter purposes has given:
Best of exertions, rightly understood;
The first of happiness;—"doing good."

A

A *Squire* *LOTHARIO* was ; but a disgrace
 To that almost-extinct, and virtuous race,
 Who held the country, and their neighbours, dear ;
 Content to live at home throughout the year ;
 And by th' example of themselves and wives
 Incited others to lead honest lives.

LOTHARIO chiefly pass'd his time in *TOWN* ;
 That was his home : and when he did go down
 To *DESERT-HALL*, 'twas either to receive
 His rents ; or hunt ; and presently took leave.
 But, since he saw *KARLINNA*, he prefers
 A country life ; not for *its* sake, but hers :
 Howe'er, to cover his intent, he takes
 One of his farms into his hands ; and makes
 Great alterations ; ornaments the ground
 With new plantations ; walls the garden round ;
 Plans a new house ; as if with the desire
TOWN to forsake, and be a country squire.
 Now he expatiates loudly on the charms
 Of agriculture ; overlooks his farms ;
 Talks to the hinds ; affects to understand
 The worth of corn, and quality of land.

When first to church he went,—for even there
 He went, in hope to see his favorite fair,—
 The Parson scarcely could believe his eyes ;
 His awkward bow discover'd his surprise.
 (But, by the bye, good sir, I don't allow
 The *Minister-Officiating* to bow,

D d

At

At church; to any but *Jehovah*, Him,
His only master there; as every where supreme.)

The neighbouring little squires, and they who *trade*;
As petty justices, are jealous made,
Lest he should take it in his head to stay;
For they are somebody when he's away.

None so surpris'd, or little pleas'd to see
The Squire, as his own Steward is; for he
In absence of *Lothario* was the lord:
And Tenants trembled at his angry word.
As, in the east, a double-tail'd Bashaw
With iron sceptre rules; his word is law:
But, if complaints against him should be made
To the *Grand-Seigneur*, he may lose his head:
So this sub-tyrant trembles in his turn,
For fear *Lothario* his misdeeds should learn:—
Of fines for leases ta'en to large amount;
And timber sold, not carried to account.
His master, happily for him, was one
Of those who 'see not far into a stone':
And if its superficies were but plane,
He cared not for its hardness, or its grain.

He

† By 'Trading Justices,' I mean such as rigorously exact 'Fees,' in which they *go snags* with their Footmen-Clerks; either directly, by taking part of the money; or circuitously, by a proportional abatement in wages. To the *MAGISTRATE*, who is himself '*rectus in curia*,' who devotes his time to public business purely, and disinterestedly, for the public good, and for the peace of the neighbourhood; and not from the '*affectation of consequence*,' or '*spirit of domineering*;'—To such a man the country at large is much indebted, and every individual owes him respectful gratitude.

He was too fine a gentleman, to give
 Himself much trouble : when he did receive
 His Steward's books, he scorn'd on them to pore ;
 And took his cash with scarcely counting o'er :
 A vulgar *merchant* his accounts might mind :
 But he to pleasure only was inclined.
 To sensual joys devoted all his time :
 A worn-out rake, though in his age's prime :
 Scarce thirty years completed ; yet, had known,
 If you'd believe him, half the girls in town ;
 From common trulls, the trampers of the Strand,
 Up to the fairest dutchess in the land ;
 She who is famed for her bewitching smile,
 And wanton leer,—*though innocent the while* :
 Desires in all that see her she would rouse ;
But would not for the world connute her spouse.
 So say her friends : allowing still some guilt :
 She's not a punk : what is she then ?—a jilt :
 Who with false blandishments would all allure :
 Inflicts the wound, and not affords the cure.
 This is a kind of wanton, by the bye,
 But rarely found ; for they who roll the eye,
 And smirk, and heave the bosom, seldom fail,
 When opportunely press'd, to wag the tail.
 Von may be chaste, for any thing I know ;
 But, faith ! I scarcely can believe her so ;
 Since she has been so beastly indiscreet
 To let ev'n butchers buss her in the street.
 Can GAWKY, *tete-a-tete* with her at night,
 Kiss her greased lips with rapturous delight ?

Had my wife done as much, I should prefer
 A demirep of some reserve, to her.
 But nothing seems too silly, gross, or bad,
 To a weak woman——run *Election-mad*.

Be not surpris'd that gay LOTHARIO, who
 Such a variety of women knew
 In town,—a perfect London debauchee,—
 Should of a country wench enamour'd be.
 Alderman SURFEIT, as he travels down,
 To save his life from turtle, and the town,
 By doctor's order, to inhale sea air,
 And bathe, take exercise, and simple fare,
 Still lets his eyes round every farm yard roll,
 In quest of sucking-pig, or barn-door fowl ;
 And as he passes *Bagshot Heath*, the glutton
 Licks his salt lips, and longs for ling-fed mutton :
 Turtle has lost its *gout* ; and he would fain
 Return to viands innocent again.
 So would LOTHARIO willingly devour
 This lambkin, if he had her in his pow'r.

He puts in practice every little art
 To win upon her inexperienced heart.
 DAPPER, his valet, pimp, and confident,
 Is oft on frivolous pretences sent
 Towards the farm: his errand true—to see
 Whether with lover, or alone she be.
 And if the father is at home, he stays
 To trumpet forth “ his worthy master's ” praise.

The

The Squire himself not seldom that way walks,
 And with KARLINNA, or the father, talks :—
 So kindly, too.—Some say, the Squire has pride :
 No ; not a grain : he's grievously belied.
 There's nothing that he will not condescend
 To chat about, like any common friend ;
 Ev'n to the dairy^hbusiness : fain would learn
 How to make butter : and once tried to churn.—
 Fitter employ for modern beau, I ween,
 Than HERCULES's sitting down to spin.
 But, at love's bidding, who is such a churl
 As not to be " the baby of a girl ? "
 Have not philosophers themselves been known
 In awkward attitudes, they blush'd to own ?
 And did not that old fornicator, JOVE,
 Play strange vagaries when he was in love ?
 LOTHARIO's trifling would be no disgrace,
 Were not his passion in its purpose base :
 But not so easy to indulge as he
 Flatters himself. KARLINNA, happily,
 Had by her Mother's principles been taught
 To fashion hers. Besides, her heart was fraught
 With that which is not easy to remove,—
 A prior, first, and honorable love.
 HENRY, a youth of the adjacent green,
 HENRY and she sometime betroth'd had been.

Her Father, too, so far from having spoil'd
 With foolish fondness this his only child,
 Though loving, treated her with a degree
 Of prudence bordering on severity :

Affected

Affected to her beauty to be blind;
 But took great pains to cultivate her mind.
 What cash in presents he thought fit to spare
 Was not laid out in *gerogawes* at the fair;
 Which give young folk extravagant delight—
 For one whole day; and are forgot by night;
 He, with the aid of one who understood
 Books, bought her such as did her lasting good.
 Nor would she ever on bad authors waste
 A leisure hour; for she had sense, and taste.
 All this together put her on her guard
 Against the Rake, and help'd the blow to ward.

At length *LOTHARIO*'s meaning grew so plain
 It was impossible to be mista'en.
 The veriest innocent must understand
 What meant such frequent squeezings of the hand:
 Nor seldom, circling with his arms her waist,
 Rude kisses snatch'd. But he spoke out at last.
 For, though each hour he more and more desired
 To *have* her, of the country he grew tired.
 Beauty itself could scarce afford him bliss,
 Unless enjoy'd in the metropolis.

As at her door one day she working sat,
 After a little ordinary chat,
 And hackney'd compliments, which every man
 Has at tongue's tip, he thus more seriously began.

LOTHARIO.

Would she but leave her cot with him to live,
 What would he not to recompense her give!

She

She should in costliness of dress excell,
 As now in person, every other belle.—
 Have servants, equipages, of her own;
 Her RICHMOND Villa; and her house in Town:
 Parade about; and show her pretty face
 At operas, plays, and every public place:
 Be follow'd, loved, and talk'd to by the men;
 Should ogle, love, and talk to them again.

She interrupts him here, *en naïvete*;
 "And would you like that I should love them pray?"

LOTHARIO.

Not to my prejudice: but, to divert
 Yourself; I'd let you chat with them, and flirt.

KARLINNA.

Need I a stronger proof how insincere
 The passion you pretend?

LOTHARIO.

Why so, my dear?

KARLINNA.

HENRY, who loves me *truly*, cannot brook
 That I on any other youth should look.
 And I confess as freely on my part,
 I have such jealousy about my heart,
 If HENRY's speech or looks directed seem
 To other damsel, I am vex'd at him.

LOTHARIO.

Plebeian notions! we fine folk of Town
 Should blush such vulgar prejudice to own.

Falſe

Falſe ſentiments ! which ſerve but to deſtroy
Our own, as well as other people's joy,
Better be hated, than be loved and be
The ſlave of any tyrant's jealousy.

KARLINNA.

It looks like jealousy ; but, ſure, it proves,
By its anxiety, how much it loves.
And you, as ſure, indifferent muſt be
When you'd let other men make love to me.

LOTHARIO.

“ Indifferent ! ” I indifferent to ſuch worth,
And wonderful beauty ! Witneſs heaven and earth——

KARLINNA.

Oh ! do not call upon the ſacred name
Of Heaven, to witneſs an illicit flame.
The ſaints above, if ever they give ear
To rakes, muſt grieve ſuch perjuries to hear.

LOTHARIO.

Well ſaid, my pretty monitrefs. But why
Miſcall me ‘ *Rake* ’ ? an earthly ſaint am I :
And thou the only goddeſs I adore.——

KARLINNA.

Fie ! fir : what nonſenſe ! I will hear no more,
Do leave me ; pray : I've houſehold work to do.

LOTHARIO.

So much the better. I'll go in with you.

KARLINNA.

No, fir ; on no account. That muſt not be.

LOTHARIO.

LOTHARIO.

Then sit again. Come ; sit upon my knee :
You'll tire with standing.

KARLINNA.

Prithee, fir ! forbear.
Should any neighbours pass this way, they'd stare,
To see the Squire of DESERT-HALL with me ;
And using such familiarity.
My father wonders, too, so oft you come ;
And stay so long : and I expect him home.

LOTHARIO.

If you expect old daddy, let's remove.
Hark ! how the throbbles sing in yonder grove !
What melody ! they must be making love.
Let us draw near. How fine the eve ! how bland
The air !—Nay, coy one ;—I *will* hold your hand.
There is no harm in that, my angel.—Come ;
Let us together in yon woodlands roam.

KARLINNA.

“ Together you and I,” fir ? O, for shame !
Would you deprive a damsel of her name ?

LOTHARIO.

Not I, in sooth : I'd not deprive my fair
Of any thing—but what she well could spare.

KARLINNA.

Yet you invite me in the woods to stray.
What would my father think, and neighbours say ?

LOTHARIO.

The neighbours ?—Psha !—if you and I agree,
What's that to any one but you and me ?

E e

While

While I have life, on me you may depend :
 I'll be your patron, your protector, friend.
 I'll take you home : and we will be a pair
 Of happier lovers than yet ever were.
 But why these *tears*? Oh, how my heart they touch ;—
 My tender heart. I fear I've said too much.

KARLINNA.

Indeed you have : much more, sir, than I thought
 You would have said ; or any person ought.
 " You'll take me home ! "—I wonder how you dare
 With such proposal gross offend my ear.
 Has Heaven ordain'd it so, I must endure
 Affronts because it happens I am poor ;
 And wealthy you ? And does it then belong
 To gentlemen to do poor damsels wrong ?

LOTHARIO.

Wrong such a damsel beautiful ? Not I :
 Bestrew me, fair one, I would sooner die.
 And, were I not so strangely fond of you,
 To pardon every thing you say, or do ;
 Might I not call you peevish, and perverse ;
 Not only to reject my love, and purse,—
 All I am worth,—but deem it an affront
 In me to make the offer, *he* upon't.

KARLINNA.

Am I so dull as not to know your aim ?
 You talk of *Love* ; but you forbear to name
Marriage : because you think 'twould ill become
 So rich a Squire to take a poor wife home.

LOTHARIO.

LOTHARIO.

I did not mention 'marriage;' it is true:
 But that entirely would depend on you.
 If found, on trial, we can happy live,
 I shall be glad at any time to wive.
 By nature form'd for a domestic man,
 Wedlock has ever been my favorite plan:
 But, to begin with it, I think fair friend,
 Is not beginning at the proper end.
 Enjoyment first: and then, if tempers hit,
 Let HYMEN come, and set his seal to it.

KARLINNA.

LOVELACE himself—You start to think that one,
 Lowly as I, should study RICHARDSON.—
 All women ought to study him, whose pen
 Warns us against the arts of wicked men;
 BELFORDS, POLLEXFENS, LOVELACES: who deem
Wedlock an ill, though *Love* their constant theme.

But do not fancy, sir, that you could move
 My heart with even honorable love.
 My hand's engaged: but, if it were not, I
 Have no ambitious views: I look not high.
 Vice still may glory in its splendid lot:
 But innocence can live contented in a cot.

LOTHARIO.

That "love can live on little," oft is said:
 I know, it cannot be too richly fed.*

E e 2

No

* *Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus.*

No things in life can so incongruous be
 (Believe me, child,) as love and poverty.
 They who against keen hunger must provide,
 With other thoughts than love are occupied.
 'Tis ours to dally, who, with affluence blest,
 Have no alternative to joy, but rest.

KARLINNA.

Some opportunities I've had, though few,
 Of knowing *great, fine folk*; but never knew,
 Nor heard, that in proportion to their wealth
 They had a larger share of bliss and health.

LOTHARIO.

O, but we have. Nor would KARLINNA preach
 In praise of poverty, if she were rich.
 "Love in a *cottage*"—is the common cant
 Of those who better habitation want.

KARLINNA.

So do not I. I want not worldly pelf :
 Nor wish to marry much above myself.

LOTHARIO.

No. It would break thy little, tender heart,
 From thy first-love—thy HENRY dear to part.

KARLINNA.

Perhaps it might. But this is surely true ;
 Were HENRY dead, I would not marry you.
 Not only no true happiness could be
 'Twixt such as us, so distant in degree :
 But I could never like, and much less love,
 One who so basely to seduce me strove.

LOTHARIO,

LOTHARIO.

Phia! leave off lecturing. Such words uncouth
 Can only serve to spoil that pretty mouth,
 Which nature form'd for kissing. What!—so coy!—
 Well, then; I'll gently force you to your joy.
 Vain all this struggling. Prithee, now, don't scream.
 Children don't always know what's good for them.
 But—

KARLINNA.

Leave me, Rake. Away, you monster rude.—

LOTHARIO.

They should be made to take what does them good.

Her colour alters; as with ire she burns:
 Or pales with terror: red and white, by turns:
 Exerts against him all her little force:
 Entreats; and threats; and screams, till she is hoarse.

Struggling, her hat fell off; loose flows her hair;
 And he tore off her kerchief, to lay bare
 Her neck; exposing to his wanton sight,
 And touch, what would have warm'd an anchorite.

The lustful Rake proceeding by degrees
 To take yet other greater liberties,
 She calls on all her neighbours, name by name;
 And HENRY: neighbours none, nor HENRY came.

“ Oh

Dr. JOHNSON (whom I always consult in cases of doubt) gives the word ‘pale’ only an *active* sense: and thence I conclude, that no English writer has used it *neutrally*: but, surely, it ought to be so used,—and perhaps only so,—agreeable to its direct etymon, ‘*pallor*.’

" Oh, my dear Father ! my protector dear ;
 " Where art thou ? would to heaven that thou wert here !
 " Our villain landlord dares thy daughter clasp, —
 " Save me ; oh ! save me from his ruffian grasp !"
 So weak her voice, it only could be heard ;
 By Heaven : and was. Just then her fire appear'd.

As when a lion, hunger-forced to roam
 Abroad, discovers, on returning home,
 A bear, or panther, seizing on his whelp,
 Quicker than lightening hastens to its help ;
 So hied the Father to KARLINNA's aid ;
 And rescued happily the fainting *Maid*.
 If he a knife had had he would have marr'd
 The Squire, as FULBERT erst did ABELARD.
 He caught howe'er LOTHARIO by the throat
 With his right hand, and with the other smote
 Him oft and violently o'er the head :
 Then threw him down ; and left him there for dead.
 And had he died, would law, or common sense,
 Condemn the man, who, in his child's defence,
 Murder'd a ruffian ? Luckily the Squire
 Fell not a victim to the father's ire.
 His head and face were cut ; and he was stunn'd
 With being thrown so roughly on the ground :
 Where speechless, senseless for some time he lay :
 And when he *could* get afterwards away,

'Twas

† Uncle to ELOISA.

'Twas not like man erect ; by Heaven design'd
 Upward to look ; but, like the bestial kind : §
 For, weak with bleeding, he was forced to crawl
 Upon his hands and knees to DESERT HALL.
 O ! what a spectacle ! a landlord worth
 So many thousand acres of this earth
 Crawling upon it, like a piteous, poor
 Cripple that begs for alms from door to door.—
 Not pitiable, indeed, the Squire ; for he
 Was rightly punish'd for his villainy.
 Somewhat abash'd, but still on mischief bent,
 He mutter'd curses all the way he went.

The trusty DAPPER, who began to doubt
 Something had happen'd, from his staying out
 Beyond his customary hour, first saw
 This uncouth object tow'rd's the mansion draw.
 Bloody, disfigur'd as he was, he knew
 The humbled Squire, and to assist him flew :
 Who scrupled not his confident to tell
 How the disastrous circumstance befell.
 The other servants not forbear a smile
 At being told—" He tumbled o'er a stile :"
 For, though not in their master's confidence,
 They knew his passion well : and augur'd thence

Mischief.

§ *Pronaque cum spectent animalia cætera terram ;
 Os homini sublime dedit ; cælumque tueri
 Jussit ; et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.* OVID : METAMORPH :

Which passage, I think, MILTON had in mind, when he makes
 the serpent say,

I was at first as other beasts that graze
 The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low.

Mischief. The villagers began to prate;
And HENRY'S menaces were loud and great.

The whilst the Squire lay ill, his trusty man
And he had form'd a Machiavelian plan
Of vengeance. But, the father of the maid
Was so discreet, that not one word he said
Of what had happen'd. Making needless stir
Would no way help KARLINNA'S character.
Better to see what course th' offending rake—
But still his powerful landlord—meant to take.

LOTHARIO'S anger by degrees cool'd down :
And when got well he wisely went to Town.

The fright, the only harm the maid received,
Served as a lesson to her : she was grieved
To think, how often, though with no intent
Of ill, attention to the Squire she lent.
Resolved in future never more to hear,
Or talk of love, but with her HENRY dear.
As the Campanula, which loves the light
Of day, and shrinks at the approach of night ;
So would she live for virtuous HENRY'S sake
Alone, and shun the touch or converse of a Rake.

DESULTORY

DESULTORY THOUGHTS: AND HINTS.

(Continued from page 57.)

28.

Although I am naturally, and habitually, of a risible temperament, I cannot endure to see a Man play the *Buffoon*. It is mortifying enough to think that Monks have already so great a resemblance to Men : there is no occasion for us to make ourselves still more like Monks.

29. *Cards* cease to be a recreation, when we play for more money than we can part with without our pocket missing it.

30. The Man who goes to Church in quest of a Woman to intrigue with is taking the readiest road to Hell. And the Woman who goes there to see Men, or Fashions, is wide of the way to Heaven.

31. The company of *Half-wits* is much coveted by Those who are three-fourths Fools.

32. When an old Man marries a young woman, his bed becomes his wife's *boudoir*. And *sulk* on let her ; for, unless he used a paint-mask to hide his wrinkles, and other arts to disguise his age, she has no right to *scold*.

33. The 'habit of reading,' though even of *indifferent* performances, is not a little beneficial ; inasmuch as it

F f

may

may serve to withdraw the memory from subjects of domestic grief; or divert the mind from thoughts which engender perilous passions: but, the advantage of reading *good* books is incalculably great; for though we should not put all, or any of its precepts, into immediate practice, it is laying in a fund, a treasure of morality, which sooner or later may come into use.

34. The most moderate hopes may meet with disappointment, but vain wishes are even at their birth accompanied by regret.

35. When a man says—'He does not know what business any Woman has with Learning,'—you may set *him* down for an *Ignoramus*.

36. It is not always safe to insult a *Coward*; for, as he who has dissipated the greatest part of his fortune may be so desperate as to risk the remainder, in hope of retrieving his affairs; he who has impaired his courage may possibly do the same.

37. When a person, in mixed company, happens to make mention of an honest *poor* Relative, it is commonly in a voice but a little above a whisper; but in speaking of a *Noble* Relation, though of ever so *bad* morals, it is always in a proud and elevated tone. This is certainly proving *kinship* to a Scoundrel.

38. They who have been bred to the *Bar* can never wholly leave off wrangling. Some of them are less savage than others; but, who ever heard of a domesticated wolf? or, of a tame hyena?

39. We

39. We are so far from being justified in withholding our assistance from any one *'because he brought his misfortunes on himself,'* that we ought so much the more readily to relieve him: for, doubly acute must his sufferings be who is also conscious of his sins, or follies.

40. It is the censure only of the wise and good which we ought at any time to be afraid of: the derision of fools, and the slight of scoundrels, render a man more respectable in the eyes of the honest, and the enlightened.

41. I willingly believe, and propagate the opinion, that the Moon, and a hundred thousand millions other Planets are inhabited; in order that we of this little world may better know our insignificance, and more humbly offer up our adoration and thanks to the GREAT BEING who condescended to call us at all into existence.

42. Some of the high-priced LONDON 'Bookfellers,' and *their* Authors, complain of the 'Trade' at EDINBURGH and DUBLIN, for publishing such cheap Editions: but, if they themselves demand five shillings for eighteen-penny-worth of Letter-press, is it to be wondered at that the Scotch, and Irish, who are content with more moderate profits, should have more custom?

43. Those who make great use of artificial *Scents*, may very fairly be suspected of not being naturally sweet.

44. The *wife* who looks for happiness at home, must be very circumspect in her conduct abroad; for the moment a husband begins to doubt, he ceases to love.

45. We put off *Repentance* and *Reformation* from day to day, in the same manner that we delay answering Letters : because we think we can at any time do either : without reflecting, with how much worse grace either is done when set about so late ; besides the danger of some accident intervening which may put it out of our power of doing it all.

46. *Reserve* is the best quality by which a woman can recommend herself to marriage. *Lewity* may inflame the passions ; but never warms the heart.

47. How should a modest woman demean herself, when a Man has the impudence and indelicacy to address an equivocal phrase to her ? Not seem to understand him. Or, if she cannot avoid seeming to take his meaning, she should look grave : for, the girl who smiles at a *double-entendre*, is always understood to mean encouragement.

48. Never buy a book which has *folded* Maps or Cuts, if you can possibly do without it : the more excellent the Engravings are, the oftener they will be looked at, and consequently the sooner spoiled.

49. [*BOROUGH PATRONS.*] In travelling I often hear it said, ' MY LORD THIS, or MR. THAT, does a great deal for the Borough.' But, when I beg my Ciceroni to point out to me the ' Church,' the ' Market-house,' or other ' Public Edifices,' monuments of the *Patron's* munificence, I usually find, that, instead of any essential and permanent Good done to the Towns-folk at large,

large, HIS LORDSHIP'S favors are only *partially* bestowed upon *Party* Individuals. — And those favors at no *expence* to his own pocket, but merely words of recommendation to the HIGHER POWERS, to bestow an office upon JOHN-A-NOKES, which would otherwise have fallen to the lot of THOMAS STILES. (1797.)

30. [ELECTIONEERING.] A. B. C. and D. are *Candidates* for the Borough of E. — "All honorable men," no doubt. In such a case might not the Returning-Officer, (Supposing him to have brains, and not disqualified *ex Officio*.) address them to this effect: "Messrs. A, B, C. and D; I am instructed by a respectable number, (or majority,) of Voters, to signify their wish that you would not *open* (as it is called) any Public Houses for the Poor Electors; nor give any Entertainments to the Rich: that, instead of decorating our Wives and Daughters with Ribbands distinctive of *Party*, and consequently fomenting animosities; instead of taking Tradesmen from their shops, and Laborers from their looms and anvils; — at the cost of their health, morals, and domestic quiet; and at the expence of your Pockets, — in no less a sum perhaps than three thousand pounds to each of you; that is to say, six thousand pounds *ill expended* by the Two Successful Candidates; and six thousand utterly, and vexatiously *lost* to the Two Un-successful Ones; — instead of this absurd and wicked way of *wasting* TWELVE THOUSAND POUNDS, we have a proposition to make, which will save all cost to the Non-elected Candidates; at the same

" same time we frankly own that the Successful Ones
 " are not to be elected scot-free. Let those who think a
 " seat in Parliament an honor; pay for it; and at the
 " usual price; but not in the usual way—encouraging
 " idleness, drunkenness, and riot: no, we can not, in con-
 " science or prudence, suffer that. We shall expect of
 " the Successful Candidates a loan—or, if you please a
 " Gift—of Five thousand pounds; not to go into any
 " private pocket; but, every shilling of it to be sacredly
 " applied to public use; viz. in the Improvement of the
 " Town, or Neighbourhood. We want to purchase,
 " and pull down a particular Row of Houses which now
 " obstruct a Principal Street; or we want to rebuild, or
 " repair and enlarge, a Certain Church, or Churches;
 " we want to build a convenient Market-House; and
 " Shambles, instead of scattered Butchers Shops, now a
 " nuisance in every Street; we want to cleanse our Har-
 " bour; to extend our Pier; to build a Bridge across the
 " River; to erect and endow Alms-houses for decayed
 " Tradesmen, and decrepit Poor, &c. &c. &c.

" In our election of Two Gentlemen to assist us mate-
 " rially in such works, which will redound as well to
 " their honor, and the Public's advantage, as to the Bo-
 " rough's particular good, we are not to be tempted by
 " personal Bribes, nor cajoled by set Speeches; we know
 " something of all your characters, and abilities; but
 " we shall *canvass* them more strictly in a Secret Sworn
 " Committee; and make our Election finally by *Ballot*.

" Now, Messrs. A.—B.—C.—and D.—You must fe-
 " verally pledge your word of honor,—or, if you think
 " proper

“ proper, give it under your hand, that you will leave us
 “ to a free, unbiaſſed choice; and that, abiding by our
 “ deciſion, the *Two Succeſſful Candidates* will chearfully
 “ conform to all our reaſonable wiſhes; and that the un-
 “ ſucceſſful Ones will peaceably retire.

“ If none of you are willing to ſubſcribe to theſe our
 “ Propoſitions, we will throw you All out; and elect
 “ Meſſrs. JOHN-A-NOKES, and THOMAS STILES, or any
 “ other Two Paſſing Strangers, in your ſtead.”

However *whimſical*, becauſe novel, ſuch an Addreſs may ſound, the rationale of it, I think, will not be denied; except by ‘Corrupt Voters,’ and ‘Party Agents;’ who would rather that Drunkenneſs, Riot, and Debauchery, ſhould continue to the end of time, than that their profits, and perquiſites ſhould ceaſe. (1797.)

51. [ELECTION EXPENCES.] It is well known that the ‘Members of the Houſe of Commons’ of LILLIPUT give three or four thouſand pounds a-piece to be returned for a *Borough*; and a *County* Seat ſometimes coſts the Representative, and his Friends, thirty or forty thouſand pounds; or more. Suppoſing the ‘Members of the BRITISH Houſe of Commons’ corrupt enough to purchaſe their Seats; and we ſhould average the 558 *Borough* and *County* Representatives at only * four thouſand pounds each,

* To my knowledge Three ‘Lords of Parliament,’ interfering in the *Election* of a ‘Commoner,’ and ‘uſing undue influence,’ expended upwards of *One hundred and twenty Thouſand pounds* at one Election; and None of them having then gained any manifeſt ſuperiority they were fain to decide the conteſt by ‘buffle-cap;’ literally by ſhaking five guineas in the crown of a hat, and gueſſing heads or tails!!

each, that would amount to the *gross* sum of *Two Millions, Two Hundred and thirty two Thousand pounds* wasted, wickedly wasted every 5, 6, or 7 Years in drunkenness and riot:—besides the *incalculable loss* to Trade, to Exporting Merchants, and to individual Consumers at home; by hundreds of thousands, nay, millions of Manufacturers being taken from their work, and kept in a state of Intoxication, for as many days as contested *Elections* last. Without dwelling upon the scenes of horror consequent thereon, and the thought of which must make every good man shudder, even the dissolute themselves will allow how infinitely better it would be that the money should be expended in *PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS*; in erecting, or repairing 'Churches,' 'Market-houses,' 'Shambles,' 'Granaries;' in building 'Bridges;' 'widening 'Streets, and Thoroughfares;' extending 'Piers,' and cleansing 'Harbours;' &c. &c. &c.

And if there be any Utopian *Borough*, where the *MAGISTRATES* are so intelligent, pains-taking, and public-spirited, that there is no Nuisance to be complained of; and where the *PATRON*'s munificence has already done so much, that no remuneration from the *REPRESENTATIVES* could be expended to the advantage of the Town; let the money be lodged with the Sheriff for County use, or vested in the Fund for Liquidating the National Debt.

Oh! how my heart would exult, if I could think that any *Borough-monger*, Principal, or Agent, Patron, Candidate, or Body of Voters, profiting by these 'Hints,'
would

would have the fortitude to stem the torrent of *Election-Drunkennes*, which periodically inundates BRITAIN, and leaves a taint upon the health and morals of all the People. (1797.)

52. [HOUSE OF COMMONS.] Inconsistent as it may seem, that a Writer, ever ready as I am to inveigh against all species of Bribery and Corruption, should insist upon 'Members of Parliament' *paying for their Seats*, I do not hesitate to repeat it again and again. It is my decided opinion, that it should be so at all times; but more particularly at the present; in the existing lax state of Politics; when the Demons of Anarchy are busy every where in disseminating their damnable Doctrines;—striving to break the bands of Civil Society; setting the Idle against the Industrious, Beggars against the Rich, the Commonalty against the Nobility, the *Mobility* against Royalty. Nor only perverse as Subjects are these Dissenters from Established Order; but also as Creatures they dare rebel against their *Maker*, their *God*: refusing to walk by the noon-day light of Scripture, they chuse rather to wander in the gloom of night, and running after false meteors, the *ignes fatui* of 'French Philosophy,' are betrayed into mires and bogs which sink them to perdition.

By the bye; nothing could more clearly prove the 'Revolutionizers of FRANCE' to be a set of shallow bungling Politicians, than their so wantonly discarding 'Religion' from their code. All other Legislators, even those of the darkest ages, have had the grace, or policy,

to found their laws upon the solid ground of Faith; under the sanction, as it were, of superintending Deities, the final Rewarders of good men, and Chastisers of the wicked: but it was left for such flimsy Theorists, such shallow Speculators, as the *New Philosophers* of NEW FRANCE, to undermine their own authority, and weaken their own ordinances, by the rejection of all Religion; and more especially that of the Gospel, which promises to men such glorious rewards for Virtue, and denounces such terrible punishments for Vice.

To shut out Anarchists, who are commonly of the Order of Beggary, it is that I insist upon 'Members of Parliament' paying for their Seats. Though even this precaution would not operate to their total exclusion. Two or three such Wretches as our present ENGLISH CATALINE, and *the notorious* SWINDLER, might, by the over-bearing faction of a City, or the shameful influence of a Borough-monger, still be returned to Parliament; but they might clamour till they were hoarse, without being able to effect any mischievous purpose. If, however, a *Majority* of Beggars were suffered to steal into the House, farewell to the Constitution! for, it would be their interest, (speaking in a worldly sense,) to set about 'revolutionizing' ENGLAND *after the French fashion*: that is, they would immediately crush Princes, Nobles, and Clergy; and confiscate their fortunes unto the New State's use;—in other words, into their own pockets: for, if you watch narrowly the conduct of the very best, that is to say, *the least flagitious*, of Popular Leaders,

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you will find, that, with all their artful cant about 'Equality of Rank and Property' they always come in, themselves, their creatures, and their agents, for the greatest share of the plunder; and that the moment they have *levelled* the throne of temperate Monarchy, they raise for Themselves upon its ruins more elevated Seats of Republican Tyranny.

It is a well known fact that the present 'Five' ABSOLUTE DIRECTORS of *Exhausted France* live in more profligate luxury, and at a more enormous expence, than their *Grand Monarque* LEWIS THE FOURTEENTH, did, when that Nation was at its highest pitch of wealth and splendor. This is one of the *blest* fruits of that 'glorious Revolution,' which the Whig-Club Pensioner, the MIRABEAU of England, had the audacity to extoll so highly even in the British Parliament. I do not know whether this State Crocodile did not also shed tears of joy when he pronounced the eulogy. The indignation, however, with which he was heard proves that we have not many *French* hearts in the House of Commons. Indeed JOHN BULL's good sense seems every where to be getting the better of superficial French philosophy; and there is little fear that Revolutionary, anarchical speculations should ever be realized in ENGLAND; unless, unhappily, a Majority of indigent, low-bred fellows should be returned to Parliament instead of men of landed property, and liberal education. If the *Tiers Etat* of FRANCE had been composed of such good materials as is OUR *Third Estate*, LEWIS THE MILD might still

have been alive to bless his Nobles, his Clergy, and his People.

53, [HOUSE OF COMMONS.] Though I would exclude the Indigent,—Beggars, Swindlers, Speculators, Stock-jobbers, &c. from 'Parliament,' I would not that mere wealth should be considered as the criterion of *Eligibility*. So far indeed from supposing that a man of Twenty thousand a year has more merit than a man of Two thousand, it is presumable that he is as much his inferior in worth, as he is above him in fortune: so liable is the human heart to be corrupted by excessive wealth. But this likelihood of a corruption of morals, or *manners*, is converted almost to a certainty, if the man's accession of fortune be very sudden. He that is hurried rapidly to an unexpected summit is very apt to turn giddy upon looking down. How many honest, hard-working Cobblers, and Coopers, have been ruined by sharing great prizes in the Lottery! how many men who might have continued good *Lackeys* at ARTHUR'S, and industrious *Clerks* in LEADENHALL STREET, have been morally ruined by the vices they acquired along with their fortunes in the EAST INDIES! This has been the case with so large a proportion of our *Anglo-Nabobs*, that if 'the having made a great fortune in the EAST' were not to be made a *Disqualification* generally, it ought certainly to attach to all 'who have made a great fortune rapidly:' for how should immense wealth be so suddenly acquired by Underlings abroad, otherways than by out-witting the DIRECTORS and COMPANY, or cruelly oppressing the Native INDIANS?

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The exeption which I take to the Commercial Plunderers of the EAST, holds good also in some sort against the mere *Cits* of LONDON, BRISTOL, or Elsewhere, who have made their *plumb* or two a-piece; *Some* by incessantly and patiently poring over the multiplication table; and *Others* by dashing speculations in the Stocks, &c. The mind of those of the First Class is commonly a perfect blank, or only characterized by a few selfish maxims culled out of COCKER, the theme of daily practise in their Counting-houses, and of applause at weekly Clubs. Such men, indeed, have usually the grace of modesty; and are silent at all other places, and upon all subjects except *Compound Interest*. Those of the Second Class are just the reverse of Plodding Dons: for, having made a fortune more early in life, by *dashing Speculation*,—and only at the risk of other people's money and their own bankruptcy,—they think themselves the cleverest fellows upon CHANGE: but, unhappily, their conceit, pertness, and loquacity, are not confined to the precincts of the EXCHANGE, but go with them into all Coffee-houses, and all Societies, public, or private. Half a dozen such shatter-brained, conceited fellows, having neither natural reason, nor acquired logic, would by their eternal prating impede the business of the best debaters, and the wisest men, that ever met in synod.

In order that the well-educated Squires, and Men of family,—though but of moderate fortune, might not be insolently jostled, and outbidden by the low-born, uneducated, purse-proud 'Mushrooms of a day,' I would that
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the ELECTION FEE should be fixed at a moderate, precise sum; at five and twenty hundred, or three thousand pounds. Every one who aspires to the honor of a 'Seat in Parliament' should be supposed to have as much as that always at command: else it might be questioned whether he were a thoroughly independent man, and safely to be trusted.

I am well aware that there is already a Law in force—no; I beg pardon: not *in force*, but in *dead letter* upon the books of Parliament—which requires "that every Member for a BOROUGH should have a clear Landed Estate of Three hundred pounds a-year; and every Knight of a SHIRE Six hundred." But, if it be considered that it is almost a century since that law was made, and the value of money is now so different, the 'Qualifications' might very well be raised to Five hundred a-year for BOROUGHs, and a Thousand for SHIREs: with the same liberal exception which there is at present in favor of the 'Eldest Sons of Peers,' and the 'Members for the Two Universities:—the First of these being known to have great reverfionary *interest*, that is, *stake*, in the Country, are deemed fit Guardians of the Constitution; and the Latter being men of known *liberal education*, are of course thought qualified for legislation.

If however the *Active* 'Members of the House of Commons' have already too much business on their hands to attend to Alterations which are not suggested by immediate, and obvious, necessity; and that the *Indolent* are ever content to stalk into the House, and 'out again ,

again at the portal,' without saying one word, by way of Amendment, it is of importance that the existing laws at least be rigidly adhered to.

For my part, I am such an enthusiastic admirer of our BRITISH CONSTITUTION, as it consists of KING, LORDS, and COMMONS, all together,—it is an Edifice so very beautiful in its separate parts, as well as majestic in the whole, that I cannot bear to see the least bit of mortar mouldering away without wishing to renew it: and if the lapse of time has weakened any part of it, more especially of the 'Basement Story,' I would strengthen it with new buttresses; and fence the whole well round, to secure it from the assaults of Anarchists and Levellers. I trust, indeed, the outworks are already so strong, and so *well* manned, it is in no danger of being taken by assault. I am more afraid of treachery within. Much therefore does it behove the Public,—that is, the '*Electors*' of BRITAIN, to take especial care what sort of persons they enlist for Parliament, And much does it import the Garrison itself, the HOUSE of COMMONS, to take every precaution, lest men *below the standard of 'character' and 'property'*—Spies, Traitors, and Cowards, should endeavour to pass muster with them.

54. [SENATORS' *Exemption from 'Arrest.'*] To all zealous Sticklers for the credit of the BRITISH LEGISLATURE (which generally frames its ordinances with strict impartiality,) it is very mortifying to be obliged to
acknowledge

acknowledge—that there exists one law founded seemingly on self interested, illiberal policy: I mean that *Law* by which the *Lawmakers* have *exempted themselves*, and only themselves from ‘personal arrest.’ I trust, it is the one only, solitary, Statute in our Code, which violates the principle of natural and social rights; and makes an absurd, and invidious distinction betwixt the Representatives of the People, and the People themselves.

And so far is this ‘Exemption’ from giving lustre, or dignity to the character of a Senator, that it really derogates from it. Satirical folk might affect to doubt, whether, without this ‘freedom from arrest,’ a sufficient number of Members could be mustered to go on with business. But, to be serious; no one can deny, that it holds out great temptation—not to say *encouragement*—to men of bankrupt fortune, to Gamblers, Speculators, Stock-jobbers, and ‘Show-men,’ to make one final, desperate push to get into THE HOUSE; as that will free their persons from arrest; and enable them to set at defiance their *old* Creditors, as well as new. This is a most vexatious hardship upon every honest Tradesman, or too-goodnatured friend, whom an unprincipled, swindling Scoundrel has taken in.

At any rate this Privilege ought not to operate as an *ex post facto* law. If I lend a MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT a thousand pounds, I do it at an extra risk, because I am aware that as he has not (under the *Exemption Law*)

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'the fear of a jail before his eyes,' my only security is in his honor: but if I advanced him the money when he was only plain MISTER, is it consonant to equity, or commerce, that my security is to be weakened by his acquiring the after title of M. P. ? because a 'Debtor' has had the effrontery, and artifice, to dupe a *Borough-monger*, or cajole the *Electors*, ought a Parliamentary Law to place him out of the reach of Common Law; and instruct him how to set his arms a-kimbo, and laugh at Creditors and Bound-Bailiffs?—(*vulgo dicto*, 'Bum'-Bailiffs?) Certainly not. That very person who contracted a debt before 'Parliamentary exemption,' and the 'inviolable sacredness' of *such a personage* could well enter into the contemplation of a creditor—Surely the identical man, whatever '*blushing* honors' he may wear, ought to be personally answerable for his own prior acts and *deeds*. Then let not ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL be any longer considered as a place of refuge, as a sanctuary, for 'Show-men,' Gamblers, Speculators, Stockjobbers, and Swindlers!

If the *inviolability* of a SENATOR's person be grounded in the fear that an artificial, political Arrest should take place, at the instigation of a Minister, or Faction, in order to deprive the Party of a valuable auxiliary; let pains and penalty for such a daring outrage be made so heavy as to deter the most audacious Politician from such an enterprise.

Or, if THE HOUSE will not on any terms forego either the idle prattle-prattle of its fond *Speechifiers*, or

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the effective 'two-legged arguments' * of the more taciturne, still let the Senator be subject to arrest at all other times than when actually on his way to attend Parliamentary duty: but when the House is 'up' let him be liable to arrest, and jail: to be forthcoming, however, upon the Speaker's order, or at his own request, at the usual hour of business next day; conducted by a Bailiff to the very door of the Lobby; and delivered over to a Clerk of the House, upon His parole security, or in shackles; the Bailiff waiting in the Lobby, to receive back his Charge, and reconduct him again to prison.

This would be one way also of enforcing the attendance of some *petulant, sulky, and malign* SECEDERS; who withdraw themselves from the common business of Parliament, because they have been foiled in their insidious schemes to overturn the State.

55. [PEERS' *Exemption from 'Arrest.'*] No Englishman of common sense, and sound constitutional principles, can look up to THE HOUSE OF LORDS, collectively, otherwise than with respect; I had almost said, with veneration: but, if it should ever be proved, that some of its Individuals be no better than broken Gamblers, Stockjobbers, Swindlers, &c. and that, availing themselves of the 'privilege' which *exempts their persons from 'Arrest,'* they shamelessly abuse the confidence of tradesmen, friends, and relatives, I must hold them in contempt, although they be 'Peers of Parliament,'—and, indeed,

* COLONEL BARRE, ludicrously enough, called those of LORD NORTH's friends, who never spoke, but always divided with him, 'good, two-legged Arguments.'

deed, the more so for their being Peers. And, upon the principle I went respecting the *Swindling* Members of the HOUSE OF COMMONS, I would not that a Scoundrel of the UPPER HOUSE should be allowed to plunder his neighbours under the sanction of Parliament. I would have him assailable by the hands of an avenging Bailiff, in the very Lobby of the House; allowing him only just time to pull off his Senatorial Robes, lest the ermine should be soiled; and spoilt for a more worthy *Successor*: for I could wish that such deserved ignominy were followed up by *degradation from Rank*.

Whether the HOUSE OF PEERS may have the grace at any time, or not, to bring in a Bill themselves to wave a Privilege 'more honoured in the breach, than the observance;' it may be well to inform some Noblemen, and remind others, that the KING—OF PARLIAMENT (for I will not here enter upon the question of precise right)—*can degrade a NOBLEMAN* for '*Insolvency*;' that is, if he has gambled away his fortune; or has not enough to support the dignity of a Peerage. The power of Parliament to create such a Law * nobody will dispute; but this is preceded by the Case of a former DUKE OF BEDFORD. †

56. [DEBTORS.] Whatever I may have said against 'SENATORS' *Exemption from 'Arrest*;' I would not have

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* The power of Parliament is circumscribed only by moral Incompetency.

† There is no danger of the *Present* DUKE OF BEDFORD (1799) being degraded on account of Poverty: for by all accounts he is fond of money.

it misconstrued into an approval of our Laws against DEBTORS generally; for I think them much too severe: they are a violation of humanity; a sacrifice of great, liberal, philanthropic, universal feelings, made upon the *little, narrow* altar of Commerce: for, as the wisest of Kings said,

“ If thou hast not wherewithal to make payment,

“ Why should thy bed be taken from under thee ? ”

All that I meant to urge, is, that the ‘ Exemption ’ made by Senators in favor of themselves, and themselves only, is a manifest breach of that ‘ EQUALITY OF LAW ’ which generally runs through the British Code, subjecting the *Higher* Classes to the same restrictions, pains and penalties, as are inflicted on the *Lower*.

This ‘ Privilege,’ moreover, not only trenches upon the Equal Rights of all the COMMONALTY of England—and is therefore particularly odious in respect to the House of COMMONS— but it is the more so because it is made in favor of the impliedly indigent and worthless; for no independent, honest Member needs such a Privilege to screen him.

As therefore it appears that ‘ *Exemption from Arrest* ’ can only serve the purposes of Debtors unworthy of a Seat in the House of Commons, I recommend it to the worthy Members, for the sake of their own dignity, First to pass an Act surrendering this odious Privilege: and, next, in the name of humanity I adjure them, to revise the Laws which affect Debtors generally; and which obviously are less calculated for the Creditors’ real benefit

nefit, than for the gratification of vulgar and vindictive minds.

That there are some Creditors very hardly used, by specious prodigals, false friends, and artful swindlers, cannot be denied; and such designing knaves can scarcely be too rigorously dealt with: but, when it is considered, that of the mass of those who are rotting in jail, or have emigrated to AMERICA,—to the loss of their families burdensome to the Parish, and to the loss of the State, whose riches are derived from the labor of Individuals,—when it is considered, that the greater part of them have been unfortunate only, or at the worst, imprudent, it is a pity that they should be huddled promiscuously with criminal Debtors, and alike subject to perpetual durance. And what often aggravates this hardship, is, that when the Creditor, relenting from his first fury, would willingly restore the Prisoner to liberty, to his wife and children, and to the State, his humane intentions are frustrated by the merciless Pettifogger's bill forging fresh chains for him, which are rivetted fast on by the Jailer's extortionate fees.

57. [AMBASSADORS.] It has been the custom of SOVEREIGNS, (more especially of the late Empress of RUSSIA, and the Kings of FRANCE,) to *make a Present* to the Ambassador, or Minister of a *Foreign Court*, upon the conclusion of any Treaty. But, can there be a more palpable absurdity? What is it, but saying, “I take
“upon me to reward you, Sir; because I feel myself
“under great obligations to you: you have concluded a
Treaty

"Treaty manifestly in *my* favor: all your labor has been directed to *my* service; and not to that of your own Court: and therefore, Sir, I beg your acceptance of this Ring; (worth a hundred thousand rubles;) or, of this Snuff-box; worth a hundred thousand livres."

Whether the Present be made in Diamonds, or in Money, can it be considered as other than a remuneration for services? and is not the Receiver of such *foreign pay* impliedly a Traitor to his Country? and ought he not, instead of being 'graciously received' (as the Newspaper phrase is) upon his return home, to be immediately impeached, and hanged?

58. [ATHEISTS.] Those who are thought to be the most *confirmed* ATHEISTS, only *fain would be so*; in order to screen their consciences from the Tormentors. When the avengers of evil appear to them, they shut their eyes close, as a child does against terrifying objects; or as the ostrich, which hides its head in the sand, and because it no longer sees its pursuers, foolishly thinks it shall escape them.

59. [UNION WITH IRELAND.] The certain advantages which would result to both Countries, from a UNION betwixt ENGLAND and IRELAND, have been so fully set forth by our great Minister PITT, LORD GRENVILLE, CANNING, DUNDAS, &c. &c. &c. and so very feebly, though pervaciously, opposed by an insignificant Cabal; that it would seem impertinent affectation in me to descant much on the subject: indeed, what

what argument could I use which has not already been urged by one or other of our able and well informed Statesmen? I have only therefore to give to Mr. PITT's 'Propositions' my full assent; adding, that I think, such a UNION is highly politic for ENGLAND, and indispensably necessary for IRELAND. (May 1799.)

60. [FRENCH REPUBLICANS.] At the beginning of every year since we took part in the present JUST and NECESSARY WAR, I flattered myself that before the end of the campaign the French Republic would be overthrown. Of course I have been not a little disappointed. Being, however, of a sanguine temperament, and very willing to believe that 'what is is best,' I do now rejoice in my repeated disappointments; for, had the Republicans been crushed before they had arrived at their last stage of infamy, there might have been people weak enough to pity them: or, had Jacobinism been only checked, and not totally extinguished, (as probably it soon will be) it might, after smouldering awhile in the hearts of the weak and the wicked, have broke out again with redoubled violence: whereas now surely there cannot be left a People so deluded, and much less a MONARCH so short-sighted, as not to perceive that a State must be inevitably ruined by 'Jacobinism;' the very essence of which is Anarchy.

If it were possible to detail only a thousandth part of the cruelties inflicted by the USURPERS of FRANCE, as well upon '*fraternized*' States, as upon their own People;—if it were possible to enumerate their acts of
tyranny,

tyranny,—their *Prescriptions*, and *Conscriptions*, their *Imprisonments*, and *Banishments*, their *Spoliations*, and *Murders*, the most oppressed Slaves of the most arbitrary Monarchs would be unwilling to exchange their shackles, heavy as they may be, for the more clumsy ones forged by 'Republican Revolutionizers;' and which gall the worse for being craftily put on, under the insidious mock names of 'Liberty' and 'Equality:'—sophistical Liberty! chimerical Equality! from which may the bravery of BRITISH Tars, and the intrepidity of AUSTRIAN, and RUSSIAN Soldiers, soon free the too-long-deluded, and insulted Nations of suffering Europe!

(June 1st, 1799.)

End of the FIRST VOLUME.

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